

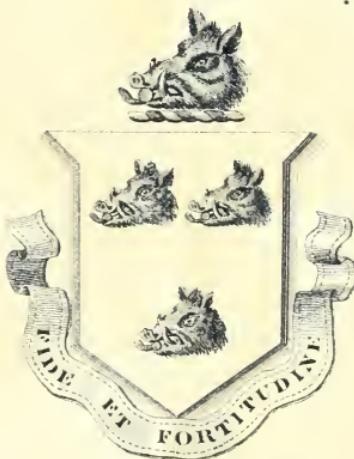
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The Maids Tragedie

AS IT HATH BEENE

diuers times Acted at the Black-Friers by
the Kings Maiesties Seruants.

Written by Francis Beaumont, and Iohn Fletcher Gentlemen.

The third Impression, Reuised and Refined.



L O N D O N .

Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to bee
sold at his Shop in Chancery-Lane neere
Serjeants-Inne. 1630.



S P E A K E R S.

K I N G.

L I S I P P V S *brether to the King.*

A M I N T O R. *a noble Gentleman.*

E V A D N E, *wife to AMINTOR.*

M E L A N T I V S } *brothers to EVADNE.*

D I P H I L V S }

A S P A T I A *troth-plight wife to AMINTOR.*

C A L L I A N A X *an old humorous Lord, and father to ASPATIA.*

C L E O N } *Gentlemen.*

S T R A T O }

D I A G O R A S *a seruant.*

A N T I P H I L A } *Waiting Gentlewoman to ASPASIA.*

O L I M P I V S }

D V L A *a Lady.*

N I G H T

C I N T H I A

N E P T U N E

E O L V S

} *Maskers*

May 11. 1618

May 17 1618

The Stationers Censure.

Good Wixe requires no 'Bush, they say,
And f, No Prologue such a Play:
The Makers therefore did forbear
To haue that Grace prefixed here.
But cease here (Censure) least the Buyer
Hold thee in this a vaine Suppyle.
My Office is to set it forth
Where Fame applaunds it's reall worth.

The



The Maydes Tragedy.

Actus I. Scæn. I.

Enter CLEON, STRATO, LISIPPVS, DIPHILVS.


CLEON. The rest are making ready sir.
Stra. So let them, theres time enough.
Diph. You are the brother to the King my
Lord, wee'l take your word.
Lis. Strato thou hast some skill in poetricie,
What think'st of a maske, will it be well?

Stra. As well as maske can be,

Lis. As maske can be?

Stra. Yes, they must commend their King, & speake in
praise of the assembly, blesse the Bride and Bridegroom, in
person of some God, they'r tied to rules of flatterie.

Cle. See good my Lord who is return'd.

Lis. ^ oble Melantius. Enter Melantius.

The landby mec welcomes thy vertues home to Rhodes,
thou that with blood abroad buyest vs our peace, The
breath of Kings is like the breath of Gods: my brother
wist thee here, and thou art here: he will be too kind, and
wearie thee with often welcomes; but the time doth give
thce a welcome, aboue his, or all the worlds.

Mel. My Lord, my thankes, but these scratcht limbes
of mine, haue spoke my loue and truth vnto my friends,
More then my tongue ere could, my mind's the same it

The Maydes Tragedy.

Euer wwas to you; wwhere I finde wworth,
I loue the keeper, till he let it goe,
And then I follow it.

Diph. Haile worthy brother,
He that reioyces not at your returne
In safety, is mine enemie for euer.

Mel. I thanke thicke *Diphilus*: but thou art faulty,
I sent for thee to exercise thine armes
With me at *Patria*: thou camst not *Diphilus*;
Twas ill.

Diph. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my Kings strict command, wwhich you my Lord
Can wvitnesse wwith me.

Lif. Tis true *Melantius*,
He might not come till the solemnnitie
Of this great match wvere past.

Diph. Haue you heard of it?

Mel. Yes, I haue giuen cause to those that
Enuy my deeds abroad, to call me gamesome,
I haue no other businesse heere at *Rhodes*.

Lif. We haue a maske to night,
And you must tread a soul-liers measure.

Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me,
The musicke must be shrill and all confus'd,
That stirres my bloud, and then I dance with Armes:
But is *Amintor* we?

Diph. This day.

Mel. All ioyes vpon him, for he is my friend:
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend,
His wworth is great, valiant he is and temperate,
And one that never thinkes his life his own,
If his friend neede it: wwhen he wwas a boy,
As oft as I return'd (as wwithout boast)
I brought home conquest, he wwould gaze vpon me,
And view me round to finde in wwhat one limbe
The vertue lay to doe those things he heard,
Then wwould he wwould to see my sword, and feele

The Maydes Tragedy.

The quicknesse of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it, he oft vwould make me smile at this ;
His youth did promise much, and his ripe yeares
Will see it all performd.

Enter *Aspatia*,

Melan. Haile Maid and Wite. *passing by.*

Thou faire *Aspatia*, may the holy knot
That thou hast tied to day, last till the hand
Of age vndoe^ct, may st thou bring a race
Vnto *Amintor*, that may fill the world
Successiueli with Souldiers.

Aspa. My hard fortunes
Deserue not scorne, for I vvas neuer proud
When they were good.

Exit *Aspatia*.

Mel. Howes this ?

Lis. You are mistaken, for she is not married.

Mel. You said *Amintor* was.

Diph. Tis true, but

Mel Pardon me, I did receiue
Letters at *Patria* from my *Amintor*
That he should marry her.

Diph. And so it stood,
In all opinion long, but your arriuall
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

Mel. Who hath he taken then ?

Lis. A Ladie sir,
That beares the light aboue her, and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye, the faire *Euadne*
Your vertuous sister.

Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them,
But this is strange.

Lis. The King my brother did it
To honour you, and these solemnities
Are at his charge.

Mel. Tis royll like himselfe,
But I am sad, my speech beares so vnfotunate a sound
To beautifull *Aspatia* : there is rage
Hid in her fathers brest, *Calianax*

The Maydes Tragedy.

Ber. Arg against me, and he should not thinke,
If I could call it backe, that I would take
SoL reaenges as to scorne the state
Of his negle~~ct~~ed daughter: holds he still his greatnessse

Lis. Yes, but this Lady (with the King)
Walkes discontented, with her watrie eyes
Bent on the earth: the vnfrequented woods
Are her delight, and when she sees a banke
Stucke full of flores shee with a sigh will tell,
Her seruants, what a prittie place it were
To bury louers in, and make her maids
Pluck'em, and strow her ouer like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious griefe,
That strikes all her beholders, she will sing
The mournfull things that euer eare hath heard,
And sigh, and sing againe, and when the rest
Of our young Ladys in their wanton bloud,
Tell mirthfull tales in course that fill the roome
With laughter, she will with so faire a looke
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her griefe
Will put in such a posture, that ere she end
Shee'll send them weeping one by one away.

Mel. She has a brother vnder my command
Like her, a face as womanish as hers,
But with a spirit that hath much outgrowne
The number of his yeares.

Enter Amintor,

Cle. My Lord the Bridegroome.

Mel. I might runne fiercely, not more hastily.
Vpon my foe: I loue thee well Amintor,
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart,
I joy to looke vpon thole eyes of thine,
Thou art my friend, but my disordered speech
Curs off my loue.

Amintor. Thou art Melantius,
All loue is spoke in that, a sacrifice
To thanke the gods, Melantius is return'd

The Maydes Tragedy.

In safety, victory sits on his sword
As she was wont; may she build there, and dwell,
And may thy armour be as it hath beene,
Only thy valor and thine innocence.
What endlesse treasures wond our enemies giue,
That I might hold thee still thus;

Mel. I am poore in words, but credit me, young man
Thy mother could no more but weep, for ioy to see thee
After long absence: all the wounds I haue,
Fercht not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowed mothers: But this is peace,
And what was warre.

Amin. Pardon thou holy god
Of mariage bed, and frowne not, I am forc'd
In answer of such noble teares as thole,
To weepe vpon my wedding day.

Mel. I feare thou art growne too sick, for I heare
A Lady mournes for thee, men say to death,
Forsaken of thee, on what termes I know not.

Enad. She had my promise, but the King forbade it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister,
Accompanied with graces aboue Her
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her armes.

Mel. Be prosperous.

Enter *Messinger*.

Messenge. My Lord the maskers rage for you.

Lif. We are gone,

Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.

Amin. Weele all attend you, we shall trouble you.
With our solemnities.

Mel. Not so Amintor.
But if you laugh at my rude cariage
In peace, I'll doe as much for you in warre
When you come thither: yet I haue a mistresse
To bring to your delights, rough though I am,
I haue a mistresse and she has a heart.

The Maydes Tragedy.

She saies, but trust me, it is stome, no better,
There is no place that I can challetige in't
But you stand still, and here my way lies. *Exit.*

Enter Calianax, with Diagoras.

Cal. Diagoras looke to the doores better for shame :
you let in all the world, and anone the King will raile at
me : why very well said, by *Love* the King will haue the
show i'th Court.

Diag. Why doe you sweare so my Lord ?
You know heele haue it heere.

Cal. By this light if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworne.

Cal. One may sweare his heart out with swearing, and
get thankes on no side, he be gone, looke too't who will.

Diag. My Lord, I will neuer keepe them out.
Pray stay, your lookes will terrifie them.

Cal. My looks terrifie them, you coxcombly asse you.
He be iudge by all the company, whether thou hast not a
worse face then I.

Diag. I meane because they know you, and your office.

Cal. Office, I would I could put it off, I am sure I sweat
quite through my office, I might haue made roone at my
daughters wedding, they ha neere kild her amongst them.
And now I must doe seruice for him that hath forsaken
her, serue that will. *Exit Calianax.*

Diag. Hee's so humorous since his daughter was forsa-
ken : harke, harke, there, there, so, so, codes, codes.

What now? *within* Knocke *within.*

Mel. Open the doore.

Diag. Who's there ?

Mel. Melantius.

Diag. I hope your Lord-ship brings no troope with
you, for if you do, I must returne them. *Enter Melantius.*

Mel. None but this Lady sir. *and a Lady.*

Diag. The Ladies are all plac'd aboue, saue those that
come in the Kings troope, the best of Rhodes sit there,
and

The Maydes Tragedy.

and theres roome.

Mel. I thanke you sir: when I haue scene you plac'd madam, I must attend the king, but the maske done Ile waite on you againe.

Diag. Stand backe ther, roome for my Lord *Melantius*, pray beare back, this is no place for such youths and their trul, let the dores shut agen; I, doe your heads itch? Ile scratch them for you: so now thrust and hang:againe, who ist now, I cannot blame my Lord *Calianax* for going away would he were here, he would run raging amonst them, and break a dozen wiser heads then his owne in the twincing of an eye: what the newes now? Within
I pray you can you helpe mee to the speech of the Master Cooke?

Diag. If I open the doore Ile cooke some of your Calues heads. Peace rogues.—againe,—who ist?

Mel. *Melantius* Within. Enter *Calianax* to *Melantius*
Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O my Lord a must, make roome there for my Lord, is your Lady plac't?

Mel. Yes sir, I thanke you, my Lord *Calianax*, well met, Your causeles hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Yes I doe seruice for your fister heere, That brings my owne poore child to timeless death, She loues your friend *Amitor*, such an other false hearted Lord as you.

Mel. You doe me wrong,
A most vnmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance, but be well aduis'd.

Cal. It may be so: who plac'd the Lady there so neare the presence of the King?

Mel. I did.

Cal. My Lord she must not sit there.

Mel. Why?

Cal. The place is kept for women of more worth.

Mel. More worth then she, it mis-becomes your age, And place to be thus womannish, forbeare,

The Maydes Tragedy.

What you haue spoke I am content to thinke
The palsey shooke your tongue too.

Cal. Why tis well if I stand here to place mens wenches.

Mel. I shall forget this place, thy age, my safety, and
through all, cut that poore sickly weeke thou hast to liue,
away from thee.

Cal. Nay I know you can fight for your whore.

Mel. Bate the King, and be hee flesh and blood
A lies that sayes it, thy mother at fifteene
Was blacke and sinfull to her.

Diag. Good my Lord.

Mel. Some god pluck threescore yeeres from that fond
That I may kill him, and not staine mine honour,
It is the curse of souldiers, that in peace
They shall be bran'd by such ignoble men,
As (if the land were troubled) would with teares
And knees beg succour from 'em, would that blood
(That sea of blood) that I haue lost in fight,
Were running in thy veines, that it might make thee
Apt to say lesse, or able to maintaine,
Shouldst thou say more, —— This Rhodes I see is noughe
But a place priuiledg'd to do men wrong.

Cal. I, you may say your pleasure. Enter Aminter.

Amint. What vilde iniurie
Has stird my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words as he is quick of hand?

Mel. That heape of age, which I should reverence
If it were temperate, but testy yeeres
Are most contemptible.

Amint. Good sir forbeare.

Cal. There is iust such another as your selfe.

Amint. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talke as if he had no life to lose.
Since this our match: the King is comming in,
I would not for more wealth then I enjoy
He should perceine you raging, he did heare
You were at difference now, which hastned him,

Cal. Make roome there.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Hoboyes play within.

Enter King, Euadne, Afpatia, Lords and Ladies.

King. Melamius thou art welcome, and my loue
Is with thee still ; but this is not a place
To brabble in ; Calianax, ioyne hands.

Cal. He shall not haue mine hand.

King. This is no time
To force you too't, I do loue you both,
Calianix you looke well to your office,
And you Melantius are welcome home,
Begin the Maske.

Mel. Sister I ioy to see you, and your choyse,
You looke with my cies when you tooke that man,
Be happy in him.

Recorders.

Euad. O my dearest brother.
Your presence is more ioyful then this day can be vnto me.

The Maske.

Night rises in mists.

Nig. Our reigne is come, for in the raging sea
The Sun is drown'd, and with him fell the day :
Bright Cynthia heare my voyce, I am the night
For whom thou bearst about thy borrowed light,
Appeare, no longer thy pale visage shrowde,
But strike thy siluer hornes quite through a cloud,
And send a beame vpon my swarthy face,
By which I may discouer all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to waite on our solemnities. *Enter Cynthia.*
How dull and blacke am I ? I could not finde
This beauty without thee, I am so blinde,
Me thinkes they shew like to these Easterne streakes
That warne vs hence before the morning breakes,
Back my pale seruant, for these cies know how

The Maydes Tragedy.

To shoote farre more and quicker rayes then thou.

Cinth. Great Queene they be a troope for whom alone
One of my clearest moones I haue put on,
A troope that lookes as if thy selfe and I
Had plukt our raines in, and our whips layd by
To gaze vpon these Mortals, that appeare
Brighter then we.

Nigh. Then let vs keepe 'em here,
And neuer more our Chariots drieue away,
But hold our places and out-shine the day (speake.

Cinth. Great Queene of shadowes you are pleasede to
Of more then may be done, we may not breake
The gods decrees, but, when our time is come,
Must drieue away and give the day our roome.
Yet whil'st our raigne lasts, let vs stretch our power.
To giue our seruants one contented houre,
With such vnwonted solemnre grace and state
As may for euer after force them hate
Our brothers glorious beames, and wish the night,
Crown'd with a thousand starres, and our cold light:
For almost all the world their seruice bend
To *Phabus*, and in vaine my light I lend,
Gaz'd on vnto my setting from my rise
Almost of none, but of vnquiet eyes. (power,

Nigh. Then shine at full faire Queene, and by thy
Produce a brith to crowne this happy houre,
Of Nymphes and Shepheards, let their songs discouer,
Easie and sweet, who is a happy Louer,
Or if thou woot then call thine owne *Endimion*
From th' sweet flowry bed he lyes vpon,
On *Latmus* top, thy pale beames drawne away,
And of this long night let him make a day. (not mine,

Cin. Thou dream'st darke Queene, that faire boy was
Nor went I downe to kisse him, ease and wine
Haue bred these bold tales, Poets when they rage
Turne gods to men, and make an houre an age,
But I will giue a greater state and glory,

And.

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And raise to time a noble memory :
Of what these Louers are ; rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deepes, thy surges layd away,
Neptune great King of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded. *Neptune rises.*

Nep Cinthia see.

Thy word hath fetcht me hither, let me know
Why I ascend.

Cinth. Doth this maesticke show
Giue thee no knowledge yet ?

Nep. Yes, now I see
Some thing intended *Cinthia* worthy thee,
Goe on, Ile be a helper.

Cinth. Hie thee then,
And charge the winde flie from his rockie den,
Let loose thy subiects, onely *Boreas*
Too fowle for our intention as he was,
Still keepe him fast chaind, we must haue none here
But vernal blasts and gentle winds appeare,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad bowes sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring.

These are our musicke : next, thy watrie race
Bring on in couples ; we are pleaseid to grace
This noble night, each in their richest things
Your owne deeps or the broken vessell brings,
Be prodigall and I shall be as kind,
And shine at full vpon you.

Nep. Hoe the wind *Enter Eolus out of a rocke.*
Commanding *Eolus.*

Eol. Great *Neptune.*

Nep. He.

Eol. What is thy will ?

Nep. We doe command thee free
Fauonius and thy milder windes to wait
Upon our *Cinthia*, but tye *Boreas* straight,
Hee's too rebellious.

Eol. I shall doe it.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Nep. Doe, great master of the floud, and all below,
Thy full command has taken.

Eol. Hoc! the Maine;
Neptune.

Nep. Heere.
Eol. Boreas has broke his chaine,
And strugling with the rest has got away.

Nep. Let him alone Ile take him vp at sea,
He will not long be thence, goe once againe
And call out of the bottomes of the Maine,
Blew *Protheus*, and the rest, charge them put on
Their greatest pearles and the most sparkling stome
The beaten rocke breeds, till this night is done
By me a solemne honour to the Moone,
Flie like a full saile.

Eol. I am gone.
Cin. Darke night
Strike a full silence, doe a thorow right
To this great *Chorus*, that our Musick may
Touch high as heauen, and make the East breake day
At mid-night.

Musick.

Song.
Cynthia to thy power and them
We obey.

Ioy to this great company,
And no day

Come to steale this night away
Till the rites of loue are ended,
And the lusty Bride groome say
Welcome light of all befriended.
Pace out you wat'ry powers below,
Let your feete
Like the gallies when they row
Even beare.

Let your unknowne measures set
To the stiL Windes, tell to all
That gods are come immortall great,

The Maydes Tragedy.

To honour this great Nuptiall.

The Measure.

Second Song.

Hold backe thy houres darke night till we haue done,

The day will come too soone,

Young Maydes will cause thee if thou steal'st away,

And leav'st their blushes open to the day,

Stay, stay, and hide

the blushes of the Bride.

*Stay gentle night, and with thy darknesse couer
the kisses of her Louer.*

Stay and confound her teares and her shrill cryings,

Her weake denials, vowed and often dyings,

Stay and hide all,

but helpe not though she call.

*Nep. Great Queene of vs and heauen,
Heare what I bring to make this houre a full one,
If not her measure.*

Cinth. Speake Seas King.

*Nep. Thy tunes my Amphitrite ioyes to haue,
When they will dance vpon the rising wawe,
And court me as the sayles, my Tritons play
Musicke to lead a storme, He lead the way.*

Song.

Measure.

To bed, to bed, come Hymen leade the Bride,

And lay her by her husbands side :

Bring in the virgins every one

That grieve to lie alone ;

That they may kisse, while they may say, a maid,

To morrow t'will be other kist and said :

Hesperus be long a shining,

Whilſt these Louers are a twining.

Eol. Ho Neptune.

Nep. Eolus.

*Eol. The Sea goes hic,
Boreas hath rais'd a storme, goe and apply*

Thy

The Maydes Tragedy.

Thy trident, else I prophesie, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away :
Descend with all the gods, and all their power
To strike a Calme.

Cintb. A thankes to euery one, and to gratulate
So great a seruice done at my desire,
Ye shall haue many flouds fuller and higher
Then you haue wisht for, no Ebbe shall dare,
To let the day see where your dwellings are :
Now backe vnto your gouernment in hast,
Lest your proud charge should swell aboue the wast,
And win vpon the Iland.

Nep. We obay.

*Neptune descends,
and the Sea-gods.*

Cin. Hold vp thy head dead night, seest thou not day ?
The East begins to lighten, I must downe
And giue my brother place.

Night. Oh I could frowne
To see the day, the day that flings his light
Vpon my Kingdome, and contewnes old Night,
Let him goe, on and flame, I hope to see
Another wildefire in his Axletree,
And all fall drencht ; but I forget, speake Queene.
The day growes on, I must no more be seene.

Cin. Heauie vp thy drowsie head agen and see
A greater light, a greater Maiestie,
Betweene our feet and vs, vvhip vp thy teame
The day breakes here, and yon same flashing stremme
Shot from the South, say, which way wilt thou goe ?

Night. Ile vanish into mists.

Exeunt.

Cintb. I into day.

Finis Maske.

King. Take lights there Ladies, get the Bride to bed,
We vvil not see you layd, good night *Amintor*,
Weele ease you of that tedious ceremonie,
Were it my case I should thinke time runne slow.
If thou beest noble, youth, get me a boy
That may defend my Kingdome from my foes.

Amin.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Amin. All happiness to you.

King. Good night Melantius. Exeunt

Actus Secundus.

Enter Euadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other Ladies.

D^r L. Madam shall we vndresse you for this fight?
The war's are nak't that you must make to night.

Eua. You are very merry Dula.

Dul. I should be far merrier Madam, if it were with me
As it is with you.

Euad. Why how now wench?

Dul. Come Ladies will you helpe?

Euad. I am soone vndone.

Dul. And as soone done:

Goodstoore of clothes will trouble you at both.

Euad. Art thou drunke Dula?

Dula. Why heer's none but we.

Euad. Thou thinkest belike there is no modesty
When we are alone.

Dul. I by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.

Euad. You pricke me Lady.

Dul. Tis against my will,

Anon you must indure more and lie still,

You're best to practise.

Euad. Sure this wench is mad.

Dul. No faith, this is a tricke that I haue had
Since I was fouteene.

Euad. Tis high time to leaue it.

Dul. Nay now Ile keepe it till the trick leaue me,
A dozen wanton words put in your head,
Will make you liuelier in your husbands bed.

Euad. Nay faith then take it.

Dul. Take it Madam, where?
We all I hope will take it that are here.

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Euad. Nay then Ie give you ore.

Dul. So will I make

Th: ablest man in Rhod's or his heart ake.

Euad. Wilt take my place to night?

Dul. Ile hold your cards against any two I know.

Euad. What wilt thou doe?

Dul. Madam weele doot, and mak'rn leaue play too.

Euad. *Aspatia* take her part.

Dul. I will refuse it.

She will plucke downe a side, she does not vse it.

Euad. Why doe.

Dul. You will find the play.

Quickly because your head lies well that way.

Euad. I thankē thee *Dula*, would thou couldſt instill
Some of thy mirr h into *Aspatia*:

Nothing but sad thoughts in her brest doe dwell,
Me thinkes a meane betw xt you would doe well.

Dul. She is in loue, hang me if I were so,
But I could run my Countrey, I loue too
To doe those things that people in loue doe.

Asp. It were a timeleſſe ſmile ſhould prone my cheeke,
It were a fitter houre for me to laugh,
When at the Altar the religious Priest
Were pacifying the offend ed powers
With ſacrifice, then now, this ſhould haue beeſe
My night, and all your hands haue beene imploedyed
In giving me a ſpotleſſe offering
To young *Amintors* bed, as we are now
For you: pardon. *Euadne*, would my worth
Were great as yours, or that the King, or he,
Or both thought ſo, perhaps he found me worthleſſe,
But till he did ſo, in these eares of mine,
(These credulous eares) he powr'd the sweeteſt words
That art or loue could frame, if he were false
Pardon it heauen, and if I did want
Vertue, you ſafely may forgiue that too,
For I haue lost none that I had from you.

Euad.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Euad. Nay leaue this sad talke Madame.

Aspat. Would I could, then shoulde I leaue the cause.

Euad. See if you haue not spoild all *Dulas* mirth.

Aspat. Thou thinkit thy heart hard, but if thou beest
caught remember me; thou shalt perceiue a fire
shot suddenly into thee.

Dul. Thats not so good, let 'em shoot any thing
but fire, I feare 'em not.

Asp. Well wench thou maist be taken.

Euad. Ladies good night, I le doe the rest my selfe.

Dul. Nay let y our Lord doe some.

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal Yew.

Euad. Thats one of your sad songs Madame.

Asp. Beleue me tis a very pretye one.

Euad. How is it Madame?

Song.

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal Yew,
 Mai'ens willow branches beare, say I died true,
 My loue was false, but I was firme, from my houre of birth,
 Vpon my buried body lay lightly gently earth.

Euad. Lie out Madame, the words are so strange, they
 are able to make one dreame of hobgoblins. I could never
 haue the power, sing that *Dula*.

Dula. I could never haue the power
 To loue one aboue an houre,
 But my heart would prompt mine eie
 On some other man to fie,
 Venus fixe mine eies fast,
 Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last,

Euad. So leaue me now.

Dula. Nay we must see you laid.

Asp. Madame goodnight, may all the Mariage ioyes
 That longing maids imagine in their beds
 Preue so vnto you, may no discontent
 Grow twixt your loue and you, but if there doe,
 Enquire of me and I will guide your mone,
 Teach you an artificiall way to grieue,

The Maydes Tragedy.

To keepe your sorrow waking, loue your Lord
No worse then I, but if you loue so well,
Alas you may displease him, so did I,
This is the last time you shall looke on mee:
Ladyes farewell, as soone as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse,
Bring each a mournfull story and a teare
To offer at it when I goe to earth;
With flattering luy claspe my coffin round,
Write on my brow my fortune, let my Beere
Be borne by Virgins that shall sing by course
The trueth of maides and periuries of men.

Euid. Alas I pittie thee.

Exit Euid

Omnes. Madame good night.

1. Lady. Come, weele let in the Bridegrome.

Dul. Where's my Lord?

1. Lad. Here take this light, *Enter Amistor.*

Dul. Youle finde her in the darke, (her)

1. Lad. Your Ladie's scarce abed yet, you must helpe

Aſſ. Goe and be happy in your Ladies loue,
May all the wrongs that you haue done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my death,
Ile trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kiffe, and will not be denied.
You're come my Lord and see the virgins weep,
When I am laid in earth; though you your selfe
Can know no pity: thus I winde my selfe
Into this willow garland, and am prouder
That I was once your loue, (though now refus'd)
Then to haue had another true to me.

So with my prayers I leaue you, and must triē
Some yet unpractis'd way to grieve and die.

Dul. Come Ladies will you goe? *Exit Aſſatia.*

Om. Good night my Lord.

Amin. Much hippinesse vnto you all. *Exeunt Ladies.*
I did that Lady wrong; me thinks I feele
Her grieve shoot suddenly through all my veines:

mine

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mine eies runne, this is strange at such a time.
It was the King first mou'd me too², but he
Has not my wi¹llink² eping, — why doe I
Perplex my selfe thus? something whispers me,
Goe not to bed: my guilt is not so great
As mine owne co¹ scienc² (too sensible)
Would make me thinke, I onely brake a promise,
And twas the King that forst me: timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? away my idle feares. Enter Euadne
Yonder sh¹ is, the luster of whose eie
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things: Oh my Euadne spare
That tender body, let it not take cold,
The vapours of the night will not fall here:
To bed my Loue, Hymen will punish vs
For being slacke performers of his rites,
Can'st thou to call me?

Euad. No.

Amint. Come, come, my Loue,
And let vs loose our selues to one another,
Why art thou vp so long?

Euad. I am not well.

Amint. To bed, then let me winde thee in these armes,
Till I haue banisht sickenesse.

Euad. Good my Lord I cannot sleepe.

Amint. Euadne weeke watch, I meane no sleeping.

Euad. Ile not goe to bed.

Amint. I prethee doe.

Euad. I will not for the world.

Amint. YVhy my deere Loue:

Euad. Why? I haue sworne I will not.

Amint. Sworne: *Euad.* I.

Amint. How? Sworne Euadne?

Euad. Yes, sworne Amintor, and will sweare againe
If you will with to heare me.

Amint. To whom haue you sworne this

Euad. If I should name him the matter were not great.

Amint.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Amin. Come, this is but the coynesse of a bride.

Euad. The coynesse of a bride?

Amin. How pretily that frowne becomes thee.

Euad. Doe you like it so?

Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a looke
But I shall like it.

Euad. What looke likes you best?

Amin. Why doe you aske?

Euad. That I may shew you one lesse pleasing to you.

Amin. Howes that?

Euad. That I may shew you one less: pleasing to you.

Amin. I prethee put thy ietts in milder looks,
It shewes as thou wert angry.

Euad. So perhyps I am indeede.

Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?

Name me the man, and by thy selfe I sweare,
Thy yet vnconquered selfe, I wil revenge thee.

Euad. Now I shall trie thy truth, if thou doest loue me,
Thou weight'it not any thing compar'd with me,
Life, honour, ioyes eternall, all delights
This world can yeeld, o' hopefull people faine,
Or in the life to come, are light as aire
To a true louer when his Lady frownes,
And bids him doe this: wilt thou kill this man?
Sweare my *Amintor*, and ile kill the man
Off from thy lips.

Amin. I vponnot sweare sweet loue,
Till I do know the cause.

Euad. I wood thou wouldest,
Why, it is thou that vrrongest me, I hate thee,
Thou shouldest haue kild thy selfe.

Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.

Euad. Know it then, and doo't.

Amin. Oh no, what looke so ere thou shalt put on,
To trie my faith, I shall not thinke thee falle,
I cannot finde one blemish in thy face,

Where

The Maydes Tragedy.

Where falsehood should abide, leaue and to bed;
If you haue sworne to any of the virgins
That vvere your old companions to preserue
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Wthout this meanes.

Euad. A maidnhead Amintor at my yeeres?

Amin. Sure she raues, this canpot be
Thy naturall temper, shall I call thy maides?
Either thy healthfull sleepe hath left thee long,
Or else some feauer rages in thy blood.

Euad. Neither Amintor, thinke you I am mad,
Because I speake the truth.

Amin. Will you not lie with me to night?

Euad. To night? you talke as if I woulde hereafter.

Amin. Hereafter, yes I doe.

Euad. You are deceiu'd, put off amazement, & vwith pa-
What I shall vter, for the Oracle (tience marke:
Knowes nothing truer, tis not for a night
Or two that I forbeare thy bed, but euer,

Amin. I dreame, — awake Amintor.

Euad. You haerte right,
I sooner vwill find out the beds of Snakes,
And vwith my youthfull bloud vvarme their co'd flesh,
Letting them curle themselues about my limbes,
Then sleepe one night with thee; this is not faid,
Nor sounds it like the coynesse of a bride.

Amin. Is flesh so earthly to en'ure all this?
Are these the ioyes of mariage? *Hymen* keepe
This story (that vwill make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonys) from all eares.
Let it not rise vp for thy shame and mine
To after ages, vve vwill scorne thy lawes,
If thou no better blesse them, touch the h'art
Of her that thou hast sent me, or the vworld
Shall know ther' es not an altar that vwill smoke
In praise of thee, we vwill adopt vs sons,
Then vertue shall inherit, and not bloud:

The Maydes Tragedy.

If we doe lust, wee'le take the hext we meet,
Seruing our selues as other creatures doe,
And neuer take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue. I doe rage in vaine,
She can but iest; Oh pardon me my loue,
So deare the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must breake for th' satisfie my feare:
It is a paine beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt; confirme it with an oath,
If this be true.

Euad. Doe you invent the forme,
Let there be in it all the binding words
Diuels and Chayters can put together,
And I will take it, I haue sworne before,
And here by all things holy doe againe,
Neuer to be acquainted with thy bed.
Is your doubt ouer now?

Amin. I know too much, would I had doubted still:
Was euer such a marriage night as this?
You powers aboue, if you did euer meane
Man should be vs'd thus, you haue thought a way
How he may beare himselfe, an I saue his honour:
Instruct me in it, for to my dull eyes
There is no meane, no moderate course to runne.
I must liue scolded, or be a murdereſ: treacherous and cruel
Is there a third? why is this night so calme?
Why does not heauen speake in thunders to vs,
And drown me her voice?

Euad. This rage vwill doe no good.

Amin. Euadne, heare me, thou hast cane an oath,
But such a rash one, that to keepe it, were
Worse then to sweate it, call it backe to thee,
Such vowes as thosē neuer ascend the heauen,
A teare or two vwill vwash it quite away:
Haue mercy on my youth, my hopefull youth,
If thou be pitifull, for (vwithout boast)
This land vvas proud of me: vwhat Lady vvas there

That

The Maydes Tragedy.

That men cald faire and vertuous in this Isle,
That would haue shund my loue? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth — Oh we vaine men
That trust out all our reputation
To rest vpon the weake and yeelding hand
Of feeble woman: but thou art not stome;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The spirit of loue, thy heart cannot be hard,
Come lead me from the bottome of despaire,
To all the ioyes thou hast, I know thou wilt,
And make me carefull lest the sudden change
Ore-come my spirits.

Euad. When I call backe this oath, the paines of hell
isuiron me.

Amin. I sleepe, and am too temperate, come to bed,
Or by those haires, which if thou hast a soule like to thy
Were threads for Kings to were (locks,
About their Armes,

Euad. Why so perhaps they are.

Amin. Ile dragge thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Vndoe this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
Ile print a thousand wounds to let out life.

Euad. I feare thee not, doe what thou darst to me,
Euery ill sounding word, or threatning looke
Thou shewest to me, will be reueng'd at full.

Amin. It will not sure *Euadne*.

Euad. Doe not you hazard that.

Amin. Ha ye your Champions?

Euad. Alas *Amin* or thinkest thou I forbeare
To sleepe with thee, because I haue put on
A maidens strienesse? looke vpon these cheekeſ,
And thou shalt finde the hot and rising blood
Vnapt for ſuch a vow, no, in this heart
There dwells as much deſire, and as much will
To put that wiſt aſt in praſtice, as euer yet
Was knowne to woman, and they haue been ſhowne
Both, but it was the folly of thy youth,

The Maydes Tragedy.

To thinke this beauty (to what land so e're
It shall be cald) shall stoope to any second.
I doe enjoy the best, and in that height
Haue sworne to stand, or die: you guesse the man.

Amin. No, let me know the man that wrongs me so:
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the Northren winde.

Euad. You dare not strike him.

Amin. Doe not wrong me so,
Yes, if his body were a poysonous plant,
That it were death to touch, I haue a soule
Will throw me on him.

Euad. Why tis the King.

Amint. The King?

Euad. What will you doe now?

Amint. Tis not the King.

Euad. What did he make this match for, dull *Amintor?*

Amin. Oh thou hast nam'd a vword that vvides away
All thoughts reuengefull: in that sacred name,
The King there lies a terror: vhat fraile man
Dares lift his hand against it? let the Gods
Speake to him when they please, till when let vs
Suffer, and waite.

Euad. Why should you fill your selfe so full of heate,
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.

Amint. What Diuell put in thy fancy then
To marry me?

Euad. Alas, I must haue one
To father Children, and to beare the name
Of husband to me, that my sinne may be
More honorable.

Amin. What a strange thing am I?

Euad. A miserable one, one that my selfe
Am sorry for.

Amin. Why shew it then in this,
If thou hast pitie, though thy loue be none,
Kill me, and all true louers that shall liue.

The Maydes Tragedy.

In after ages crost in their desires.
Shall blesse thy memory, and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a lingring wretch.

Euad. I must haue one
To fill thy roome againe if thou wert dead,
Else by this night I would : I. pitty thee.

Amin. These strange and sedden iniuries haue faine
So thicke vpon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are : me thinkes I am not wrong'd,
Nor is it ought, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it — Reputation
Thou art a word, no more, but thou hast showne
An impudence so high, that to the world
I feare thou wilt betray or shame thy selfe.

Euad. To couer shame I tooke thee, neuer feare
That I would blaze my seife.

Amin. Nor let the King
Know I conceiue he wrongs me, then mine honor
Will thrust me into action, that my flesh
Could beare with patience, and it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I know this
Before I toucht thee ; else had all the sinnes
Of mankinde stoo'd betwixt me and the King,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine,
I haue lost one desire, tis not his crowne
Shall buy me to thy bed : now I resolute
He has dishonour'd thee, giue me thy hand,
Be carefull of thy credit, and sin close,
Tis all I wish, vpon thy chamber floore
Ile rest tonight, that morning visiters
May thinke we did as maried people vse,
And prethee smile vpon me when they come,
And seeme to toy as if thou hadst beene pleas'd
With what we did.

Euad. Fear not, I will doe this.

Amin. Come let vs practise, and as wantonly

The Maydes Tragedy.

As euer louing bride and bridegroome met,
Lets laugh and enter here.

Eust. I am content.

Amin. Downe all the swellings of my troubled heart.
When we vvylke thus intwin'd, let all eies see
If euer louers better did agree.

Exit.

Enter Aspasia, Antiphila, Olimpia.

Asp. Away you are not sad, force it no further,
Good gods, how vwell you looke ! such a full colour
Yong bashfull brides put on : sure you are ne v married.

Ant. Yes Madam to your gife.

Asp. Alas poore wenches,
Goe learn to loue first, learne to lose your selues,
Learne to be flattered, and beleue and blesse
The double tongue that did it,
Make a faith out of the miracles of ancient louers,
Did you nere loue yet wenches ? speake *Olimpia*,
Such as speake truth and di'd in'it,
And like me beleue all faithfull, and be miserable,
Thou hast an easie temper, fit for stampe.

Olimp. Neuer.

Asp. Nor you *Antiphila* ?

Ant. Nor I.

Asp. Then my good girles be more then women, vvise.
At least, bee more then I vvas, and bee sure you credit any
thing the light giues light to, before a man ; rather beleue
the sea weepes for the ruin'd marchant vwhen hee rores, ra-
ther the wind courts bat the pregnant sailes when the
strong cordage crackes, rather the sunne comes but to kisse
the fruit in wealthy Autumne, when all falles blasted ; if
you needs must loue (forc'd by ill face) take to your maiden
bosomes two dead colt Aspicks, and of them make louers,
they cannot flatter nor forsware ; one kisse makes a long
peice for all ; but man, oh that beast man :

Come lets be sad my girles,
That downe cast of thine eie *Olimpia*
Shewes a fine sorrow ; marke *Antiphila*,
Just such another was the Nymph *Enones*

When

The Maydes Tragedy.

When *P*iris brought home *Hellen*: now a teare,
And then you art a piece expressing fully
The *Carthage* Queene whenf on a cold sea rocke,
Full with her sorrow, she ticed fast her eyes,
To the faire *Troian* ships, and hauing lost them,
Iust as thine eyes does, downe stole a teare *Antiphila*:
What would this wench doe if she were *Aspatia*?
Here she would stand, till some more pittyng god
Turnd her to marble: tis enough my wench,
Shew me the peece of needle vvorke you vvrrought.

Ant. Of *Ariadne* Madam?

Afp. Yes that peece,
This should be *Theseus*, has a cousening face,
You meant him for a man.

Ant. He was so Madame.

Afp. Why then tis vwell enough, neuer looke backe,
You haue a full vvinde, and a false heart *Theseus*,
Does not the story say, his Keele vvas split,
Or his Masts spent, or so ne kinde rocke or other
Met vwith his vessell?

Ant. Not as I remember.

Afp. It shoulde haue beene so, could the gods know this,
And not of all their number raise a storme,
But they are all as ill. This false smile was well exprest,
Iust such another caught me, you shall not goe so *Antiphila*,
In this place worke a quick-sand,
And ouer it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship plowing it, and then a feare,
Doe that feare to the life wench.

Ant. Twill wrong the storie.

Afp. Twill make the storie wrong'd by wanton Poets,
Liue long and be beleeu'd; but wheres the Lady?

Ant. There Madame.

Afp. Fie, you haue mist it heere *Antiphila*,
You are much mistaken wench:
These colours are not dull and pale enough.
To shew a soule so full of misery

The Maydes Tragedy.

As this sad Ladies was, doe it by me,
Doe it againe, by me the lost *Aspatia*,
And you shall find all true but the wilde Iland,
I stand vpon the sea breach now, and thinke
Mine armes thus, and mine haire blowne with the wind,
Whilde as that desart, and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken, doe my face
(If thou hadst euer feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, *Antiphila* striue to make me looke
Like sorrowes monument, and the trees about me
Let them be dry and leauelesse, let the rocks
Groane with continuall surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation, looke, looke wenches,
A miserable life of this poore picture.

Olim. Deere Madame.

Afp. I haue done, sit downe, and let vs
Vpon that point fixe all our eyes, that point there;
Make a dull silence till you feele a sudden sadnesse
Giue vs new soules.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. The King may doe this, and he may not doe it,
My child is wrongd, disgrac'd: well, how now huswiues?
What at your case? is this a time to sit still? vp you young
Lazie whores, vp or ile swenge you,

Olim. Nay good my Lord.

Cal. You'l lie downe shortly, get you in and worke,
What are you growne so reasly? you want heares,
We shall haue some of the Court boyes doe that office.

Ant. My Lord we doe no more then we are charg'd:
It is the Ladies pleasure we be thus in griefe,
Shec is forsaken.

Cal. Theres a rogue too,
A young dissembling flau, well, get you in,
Ile haue about with that boy, tis hie time
Now to be valiant, I confesse my youth
Was neuer prone that way: what, made an asse?
A Court stale? well I will be valiant,
And beate some dozen of these whelps I will, and theres

Another

The Maydes Tragedy.

Another of 'em, a trim cheating souldier,
Ile maule that rascall, has out-brau'd me twice,
But now I thanke the Gods I am valiant,
Goe, get you in, Ile take a course withall. *Exeunt Om.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.

CLE. Your sister is not vp yet.

Diph. Ohbrides must take their mornings rest,
The night is troublesome.

Stra. But not tedious,

(night

Diph. What ods, hee has not my sisters maiden-head to

Stra. No, its ods against any bridegroome living, he nere
gets it while he liues.

Diph. Yare merry with my sister, you'le please to allow
me the same freedome with your mother.

Stra. Shees at your seruice.

Diph. Then shees merry enough of her selfe, shee needs
no tickling, knocke at the dore.

Stra. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter, they haue the yeere before them,
Good morrow sister, spare your selfe to day, the night will
come againe. *Enter Amintor.*

Amin. Whose there, my brother? I am no readier yet,
your sister is but now vp.

Diph. You looke as you had lost your eyes to night, I
thinke you ha not slept.

Amin. I faith I haue not.

Diph. You haue done better then.

Amin. We ventured for a boy, when he is twelue,
A shall command against the foes of Rhodes,
Shall we be merry?

Stra. You cannot, you want sleepe.

Amin. Tis true, but she

aside.

The Maydes Tragedy.

As if she had drunke *Lethe*, or had made
Euen with heauen, did fetch so still a sleepe,
So sweet and sound.

Diph. What's that?

Amin. Your sister frets this morning, and does turne
her eyes vpon mee, as people on their headsman, shee does
chafe, and kisse and chafe againe, and clap my cheekes, shees
in another world.

Diph. Then I had lost, I was about to lay, you had not
got her maiden head to night.

Amin. Ha, he does not mocke me, y'ad lost indeed,
I doe not vse to bungle.

Cleo. You doe deserue her.

Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and what wild breath
That was so rude and rough to me, last night *aside.*
Was sweet as Aprill, Ile be guilty too,
If these be the effects.

Enter Melantine.

Mel. Good day Amintor, for to me the name
Of brother is too distant, we are friends,
And that is nearer.

Amin. Deare *Melantius*,
Let me behold thee, is it possible?

Mel. What sudden gaze is this?

Amin. Tis wondrous strange.

Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knowes so well? theres nothing heere
That is not thine.

Amin. I wonder much *Melantius*,
To see those noble lookes that make me thinke
How vertuous thou art, and on the sudden
Tis strange to me, thou shouldest haue worth and honour,
Or not be base and false, and trecherous,
And every ill. But

Mel. Stay, stay my friend,
I feare this sound will not become our loues, no more em-

Amin. Oh mistake me not, *(brace me.)*
I know thee to be full of all those deeds,

That

The Maydes Tragedy.

That we fraile men call good, but by the course
Of nature thou shouldest be as quickly chang'd,
As are the windes, dissembling, as the Sea,
That now weares browes as smooth as virgins be,
Tempting the Merchant to inuade his face,
And in an houre calls his billowes vp,
And shhoots em at the Sun, destroying all
A carries on him, Oh how neere am I afide.
To vtter my sicke thoughts.

Mel. But why, my friend, shouldest I be so by nature?

Ami. I haue wed thy sister, who hath vertuous thoughts
ewow for one whole family, and it is strange
That you should feele no want. (me.)

Mel. Beleeue mee this is complement too cunning for

Dip. What should I be then by the course of nature,
They hauing both robd me of so much vertue?

Stra. Oh call the bride, my Lord *Amintor*, that we may
see her blush, and turne her eyes downe, it is the pritiest
sport.

Amin. Euadne.

Euad. My Lord.

Within.

Amin. Come forth my loue,
Your brothers doe attend, to wish you ioy,

Euad. I am not ready yet.

Amin. Enough, enough.

Euad. They le mocke me.

Amin. Faith thou shalt come in, Enter Euadne.

Mel. Good morrow sister, he that vnderstands
Whom you haue wed, neede not to wish you ioy.
You haue enough, take heede you be not proud.

Dipb. O sister what haue you done?

Euad. I done? why what haue I done?

Stra. My Lord *Amintor* sweares you are no maid now.

Euad. Push.

Stra. Ifaith he does.

Euad. I knew I should be mockt.

Dipb. With a truth.

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Euad. If twere to do againe, in faith I would not mary.

Amin. Nor I by heauen.

Diph. Sister, *Dula* sweares she heard you cry two aside.

Euad. Pie how you talke. (roomes off.)

Diph. Lets see you walke.

Euad. By my trothy are spoild.

Mel. Amintor. Amint. Ha.

Mel. Thou art sad.

Amin. Who I? I thanke you for that, shall *Diphilus* thou and I sing a catch?

Mel. How? Amint. Prethee lets.

Mel. Nay that's too much the other way.

Amint. I am so lightned with my happiness: how dost thou loue? kisse me.

Euad. I cannot loue you, you tell tales of me.

Amin. Nothing but what becomes vs: Gentlemen, Would you had all such wives, and all the world, That I might be no wonder, y'are all sad; What doe you enuie me? I walke me thinks On water, and nere sinke I am so light.

Mel. Tis well you are so.

Amin. Well? how can I bee other when shee lookes Is there no musicke there? lets dance. (thus)

Mel. Why? this is strange, Amintor.

Amin. I do not know my selfe, yet I coald wish my ioy

Dip. Ile marry too if it wil make one thus. (were lessie.)

Euad. Amintor, harke. afde.

Amint. What saies my loue? I must obey.

Euad. You doe it securily, twill be perceiu'd.

Cle. My Lord the King is here. Enter King & Lisy.

Amint. Where? Stra. And his brother.

King. Good morrow all.

Amintor ioy on ioy fall thicke vpon thee,

And Madame you are altered since I saw you,

I must salute you, you are now anothers,

How lik't you your nights rest?

Euad. Ill sir.

Amint. Indeed shee tooke but little.

Lisy.

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Lif. Youle let her take more, and thanke her too shortly.

King. Amintor ~~wert~~ thou truely honest till thou wert
Amin. Yes sir. (married?)

King. Teli me then, how shews the sport vnto thee?

Amin. Why well. *King.* What did you doe?

Amin. No more nor lesse then other couples vse,
You know what tis, it has but a course name.

King. But prethee, I should thinke by her blacke eie
And her red cheeke, shee should be quicke and stirring
In this same busynesse, ha?

Amin. I cannot tell, I nerer tried other sir, but I perceiue
She is as quicke as you deliuered.

King. Well youle trust me then *Amintor*,
To choose a wife for you agen.

Amin. No neuer sir.

King. Why? like you this so ill?

Amin. So well I like her,
For this I bow my knee in thankes to you,
And vnto heauen will pay my gratefull tribute
Hourly, and doe hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both full of gray haires in one day,
For which the thanks is yours, but if the powers
That rule vs, please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife
Worthy to take her roome.

King. I doe not like this; all forbear the roome
But you *Amintor* and your *Lady*, I haue some speech with
You that may concerne your after liuing well.

Amin. A will not tell me that he lies with her: if he do,
Something heauenly stay my heart, for I shall be apt
To thrust this arme of mine to a & s vnlawfull.

King. You will suffer me to talke with her, *Amintor*,
And not haue a iealous pang.

Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife
With whom she dares to talke, and not be iealous.

King. How doe you like *Amintor*?

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Euad. As I did sit. King. Howes that?

Euad. As one that to fulfill your will and pleasure,
I haue gizen leaue to call me wife and loue.

King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin;
They that breake word with heauen, will breake agen.
With all the world, and so doest thou with me.

Euad. How sit?

King. This subtle womans ignorance
Will not excuse you, thou hast taken oathes
So great, we thought they did not well become
a womans mouth, that thou wouldest nere injoy
A man but me.

Euad. I neuer did fweare so, you doe me wrong.

King. Day and night haue heard it.

Euad. I swore indeed that I would neuer loue
A man of lower place, but if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bende to him
That won your Throne, I loue with my ambition,
Not with my eies, but if I euer yet
Toucht any other, Leprosie light here
Vpon my face, which for your royalty
I would not staine.

King. Why thou dissemblest, and it is in me
To punish thee.

Euad. Why, it is in me then, not to loue you, which will
More afflic^t your body, then your punishment can mine.

King. But thou hast let Aminter lie with thee.

Euad. I haunot.

King. Impudencie, he saies himselfe so.

Euad. A lies. King. A does not.

Euad. By this light he does, strangely and basely, and
He proue it so, I did not only shun him for a night,
But told him, I would neuer close with him.

King. Speake lower, tis false.

Euad. I am no man to answere with a blow, (true.
Or if I were, you are the King, bat vrge mee not, tis most

King.

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King. Doe not I know the vncontroled thoughts
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high,
With expe&lation and desire of that
He long hath waited for ? is not his spirit
Though he be temperate, of a valiant straine,
As this our age hath knowne ? what could he doe
If such a suddaine speech had met his blood,
But ruine thee for euer ? if he had not kild thee,
He could not beare it thus, he is as we
Or any other wrong'd man.

Euad. It is dissembling.

King. Take him, farewell, henceforth I am thy foe,
And what disgraces I can blot thee with, looke for.

Euad. Stay sir ; *Amintor*, you shall heare *Amintor*.

Amin. What my loue ?

Euad. *Amintor*, Thou hast an ingenious looke,
And shouldest be vertuous, it amazeth me
That thou canst make such base malicious lies.

Amin. What my deere wife ?

Euad. Deere wife ? I doe despise thee,
Why nothing can be baser then to sow
Dissention amongst louers.

Amin. Louers ? who ?

Euad. The King and me.

Amin. Oh Heauen.

Euad. Who should liue long and loue without distast
Were it not for such pickthanks as thy selfe.
Did you lie with me ? sweare now, and be punisht in hell
For this.

Amin. The faithlesse sin I made
To faire *Aspatia*, is not yet reueng'd,
It followes me, I will not loose a word
To this wilde wwoman, but to you my King
The anguish of my soule thrusts out this truth.
Yare a tyrant, and not so much to wrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride
In talking vwith him of it.

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Eud. Now sir, see how loud this fellow lied.

Amin. You that can know to wrong, should know how
Men must right themselves : what punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed?
It is not death, nor can that satisfie,
Vnlesse I send your liues through all the land
To shew how nobly I haue freed my selfe.

King. Draw not thy sword, thou knowst I cannot feare
A subiects hand, but thou shalt feele the weight of this
If thou doest rage.

Amin The weight of that?

If you haue any worth, for heauens sake thinke
I feare not swords, for as you are ~~meere~~ man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare thinke to doe it : but there is
Diuinitie about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions ; as you are my King
I fall before you and present my sword,
To cut mine owne flesh if it be your will,
Alas ! I am nothing but a multitude
Of vvalking griefes, yet should I murder you,
I might before the vworld take the excuse
Of madnesse, for compare my iniuries,
And they vwill vwell appeare too fada vweight
For reason to endure, but fall I first
Amongst my sorrowes, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things, but why ? I know ~~not~~ what
I haue to say, vvhyl did you choose out me
To make thus vretched ? there vvere thousands fooles
Easie to vvorke on, and of state enough
Within the Iland.

Eud. I vwould not haue a foole, it were no credit for me.

Amin. Worse and vvorse :
Thou that dar'st talke vnto thy husband thus,
Professe thy selfe a whore, and more then so,
Resolue to be so still, it is my fate
To beare and bow beneath a thousand griefes,

To

The Maydes Tragedy.

To keepe that little credit vwith the vworld. (ther.)
But there vvere vwise ones too: you might haue tane ano-
King. No, for I beleue thee honest, as thou wert valiant.

Amin. All the happinesse

Bestow'd vpon me turnes into disgrace,
Gods take your honesty againe, for I
Am loaden vwith it, good my Lord the King
Be priuate in it.

King. Thou maist liue Amintor,
Free as thy King, if thou vvilt vwinke at this,
And be a meanes that vve may meet in secret.

Amin. A baud, hold, hold my brest, a bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are religious, on another vword
Sounded like that, and through a Sea of sinnes
Will vvade to my reuenge, though I should call
Paines heere, and after life, vpon my soule.

King. Well, I am resolute, you lay not vwith her,
And so I leaue you. *Exit King.*

Euad. You must needs be prating, and see what follows.

Amin. Prethe vexe me not.

Leaue me, I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murther on me.

Euad. I am gone, I loue my life well. *Exit Euadne.*

Amin. I hate mine as much.
This tis to breake a troth, I should be glad,
If all this tide of griefe would make me mad. *Exit.*

Enter Melantius.

Mel. Ile know the cause of all Amintors griefes,
Or friendship shall be idle. *Enter Calianax*

Cal. O Melantius, my daughter will die. (roome.)

Mel. Trust mee I am sorry, vvould thou hadst tane her

Cal. Thou art a flame, a cut-throat flauue, a bloody trea-
cherous flauue.

Mel. Take heed old man, thou wilt be heard to rauue,
And lose thine offices.

Cal. I am valiant growne,

The Maydes Tragedy.

At all these yeares, and thou art but a slave.

Mel. Leauue, some company vvill come, and I respect
Thy yeares, not thee so much, that I could vvish
To laugh at thee alone.

Cal. Ile spoile your mirth, I meane to fight with thee,
There lie my cloake, this vvwas my fathers sword,
And he durst fight, are you prepar'd?

Mel. Why? vvilt thou doate thy selfe out of thy life?
hence get thee to bed, haue carefull looking to, and eate
vvarme things, and trouble not mee: my head is full of
thoughts, more vvaighty then thy life or death can be.

Cal. You haue a name in warre, where you stand safe
Amongst a multitude, but I vvill try
What you dare doe vnto a vveake old man
In single fight, you'l giue ground I feare:
Come draw.

Mel. I vvill not draw, vntesse thou pulst thy death
Vpon thee vvith a stroke, theres no one blow
That thou canst giue, hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not so far then, the power of earth
Shall not redeeme thee.

Cal. I must let him alone,
Hees stout, and able, and to say the truth,
How euer I may set a face and talke,
I am not valiant: vvhenn I vvwas a youth
I kept my credit with a testie tricke I had,
Amongst cowards, but durst never fight.

Mel. I vvill not promise to preserue your life if you
doe stay.

Cal. I vvould giue halfe my land that I durst fight vvith
that proud man a little: if I had men to hold him, I would
beate him, till he aske me mercy.

Mel. Sir will you be gone?

Cal. I dare not stay, but I will goe home and beat my
seruants all ouer for this. Exit Calianax,

Mel. This old fellow haunts me,
But the distracted carriage of mine Aminter

The Maydes Tragedy.

Takes deepeley on me, I will finde the cause,
I feare his conscience cries, he wrong'd Aspasia.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Mens eyes are not so subtil to perceiue
My inward misery, I beare my griefe
Hid from the world, how art thou wretched then?
For ought I know all husbands are like me,
And euery one I talke with of his wife,
Is but a well dissembler of his woes
As I am, would I knew it, for the rarenesse
Afflicts me now.

Mel. Amintor, we haue not enioy'd our friendship of late,
for we were wont to charge our soule in talke.

Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good iest of Stratte
and a Lady the last day.

Mel. How vvaſt?

Amint. Why ſuſh an odde one.

Mel. I haue longd to ſpeakē with you, not of an idle
iest that's forc'd, but of matter you are bound to vtter
to mee.

Amin. What is that my friend?

Mel. I haue obſeru'd, your words fall from your tonguc
Wildly, and all your carriage
Like one that ſtroue to ſhew his merry mood,
When he were ill dispos'd: you were not wont
To put ſuch ſcorne into your ſpeech, or weare
Vpon your face ridiculous iollitic:
Some ſadneſſe ſits here, which your cunning vwould
Courſe with ſmiles, and twill not be?
What is it?

Amin. A ſadneſſe here? vwhat cauſe
Can Fate prouide for me to make me ſo?
Am I not lou'd through all this Isle? the King
Raines greatneſſe on me: haue I not received
A Lady to my bed, that in her eie
Keepes mounting fire, and on her tender cheekeſ
Inevitablie colour, in her heart

The Maydes Tragedy.

A prison for all vertue, are not you,
Which is aboue all ioyes, my constant friend ?
What sadness can I haue ? no, I am light,
And feele the courses of my bloud more warme
And stirring then they were ; faith mary too,
And you will feele so vnexpressit a ioy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed
Appeare another.

Mel. You may shape, *Aminitor*,
Causes to cozen the whole world withall,
And your selfe too, but tis not like a friend,
To hide your soule from me : tis not your nature
To be thus idle, I haue seene you stand
As you were blasted, midst of all your mirth,
Call thrice aloud, and then start, faining ioy
So coldly : world ! what doe I here ? a friend
Is nothing : heaven ! I would ha told that man
My secret sinnes, Ile search an vknownne land,
And there plant friendship, all is withered here,
Come with a complement, I would haue fought,
Or told my friend a lied, ere soothd him so ;
Out of my bosome.

Amin. But there is nothing.

Mel. Worse and worse, farewell ;
From this time haue acquaintance, but no friend.

Amin. Melantius, stay, you shall know what that is.

Mel. See how you plaid with friendship, be aduis'd
How you giue cause vnto your selfe to say,
You ha lost a friend.

Amin. Forgiue what I ha done,
For I am soore-gone with iniurie
Vnheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to doe, — oh — oh.

Mel. Doe not weepe, what ist ?
May I once but know the man.
Hath turnd my friend thus.

Amin. I had spoke at first, but that.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mel. But what?

Amin. I held it most vnfit
For you to know, faith doe not know it yet.

Mel. Thou seest my loue, that will keepe company
With thec in teares; hide nothing then from me,
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine owne armour ile adorne my selfe,
My resolution, and cut through thy foes,
Vnto thy quiet, till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotlesse innocence
What is it?

Amin. Why tis this, — it is too bigge
To get out, let my teares make way awhile.

Mel. Punish me strangely heauen, if he scape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this.

Amin. Your sister.

Mel. Well sayd.

Amin. You'l wisht vnownowne when you haue heard it.

Mel. No.

Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the King has giuen her honour vp,
And liues in whoredome with him.

Mel. How's this?

Thou art run mad with iniury indeed,
Thou couldst not vtter this else, speake againe,
For I forgiue it freely, tell thy grieves.

Amin. Shees wanton, I am loth to say a whore,
Though it be true.

Mel. Speake yec againe, before mine anger grow
Vp beyond throwing downe what are thy grieves?

Amin. By all our friendship, these.

Mel. What? am I tame?

Aftre mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and strike the brand
Of whore vpon my sister vntreueng'd?
My shaking flesh be thou a wittnesse for me,
With what vnwillingnesse I goe to scourge

The Maydes Tragedy.

This rayler, vvhom my folly hath cald friend;
I vwill not take thee basely, thy fword
Hangs neere thy hand, draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashnesse to repentance, draw thy fword.

Amint. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as hie:
As the evilde surges: thou shouldest doe me ease,
Here, and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.

Mel. This is base,
And fearefull, they that vse to vtter lies,
Prouide not blowes, but vwords to qualifie
The men they vrong'd thou hast a guilty cause.

Amin. Thou pleasest me, for so much more like this,
Will raise my anger vp aboue my griefes,
Whiche is a passion easier to be borne,
And I shall then be happy.

Mel. Take then more, to raise thine anger. Tis meere
Cowardise makes thee not draw, and I will leaue thee dead
How euer, but if thou art so much prest
With guilt and feare, as not to dare to fight,
Ile make thy memory loath'd and fixe a scandall
Vpon thy name for euer.

Amint. Then I draw,
As iustly as our Magistrates their swords
To cut offenders off; I knew before
Twould grate your eares, but it was base in you
To vrge a waigthy secret from your friend,
And then rage at it, I shall be at ease
If I be kild, and if you fall by me,
I shall not long outlive you.

Mel. Stay a vwhile,
The na ne of friend is more then family,
Or all the vvorlde besides; I vvas a foole.
Thou searching humane nature, that didst vwake
To doe me vrong, thou art inquisitiue,
And thrusts me vpon questious that vwill take
My sleepe away, vwould I had died ere knowne

The Maydes Tragedy.

This sad dishonor, pardon me my friend,
If thou vvilt strike, here is a faithfu'l heart,
Pierce it, for I vvill never heave my hand
To thine, behold the power thou hast in me,
I doe beleue my sister is a vvhore,
A leprous one, put vp thy sword young man.

Amint. How should I beare it then she being so?
I feare my friend that you vvill lose me shortly,
And I shall doe a foule act on my selfe
Through these disgraces.

Mel. Better halfe the land
Were buried quick together, no, *Amintor*,
Thou shalt haue ease: O this adulterous King
That drew her too't, vvhile got he the spirit
To vvrong me so?

Amint. What is it then to me,
If it be vvrong to you?

Mel. Why not so much: the credit of our house
Is throwne away,
But from his iron den I'le vvaken death,
And hurle him on this King, my honestie
Shall steele my sword, and on its horrid point
I'le vvere my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittring
For him to looke on.

Amint. I haue quite vndone my fame.

Mel. Drie vp thy vvatrie eyes,
And cast a manly looke vpon my face,
For nothing is so vvilde as I thy friend
Till I haue freed thee, still this swelling brest,
I goe thus from thee, and vvill never cease
My vengeance, till I finde my heart at peace.

Amin. It must not be so, stay, mine eyes vvould tell
How loth I am to this, but loue and teares
Leaue me a vvhile, for I haue hazarded
All that this vworld cals happy, thou hast vvronghe
A secret from me vnder name of friend,

The Maydes Tragedy.

Which Art could nere haue found, nor torture wring
From out my bosome, giue it me agen,
For I will find it where so ere it lies
Hid in the mortal'ſt part, inuent a way
To giue it backe.

Mel. Why would you haue it backe?
I will to death pursue him with reuenge.

Amin. Therefore I call it backe from thee, for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this, and shame me
to posterity: take to thy weapon.

Mel. Heare thy friend, that beares more yeaſes then
Amin. I will not heare: but draw, or I — (thou

Mel. Amintor.

Amin. Draw then, for I am full as resolute
As fame and honor can inſorce me be,
I cannot linger, draw.

Mel. I doe —— but is not
My ſhare of credit equall with thine,
If I doe stir?

Amin. No; for it will be cald
Honour in thee to ſpill thy ſisters blood,
If ſhe her birth abuse, and on the King
A braue reuenge: but on me that haue walke
With pati:nce in it, it will fixe the name
Of fearefull cuckold, — O that word! be quicke.

Mel. Then ioyne with me.

Amin. I dare not doe a ſi:ne, or elſe I would: be ſpeedy.

Mel. Then dare not fight with me, for that's a ſin.
His grieſe diſtracts him, call thy thoughts agen,
And to thy ſelfe pronounce the name of friend,
And ſee what that will worke, I will not fight.

Amin. You muſt.

Mel. I will be kild first, though my paſſions
Offered the like to you tis not this earth.
Shall buy my reaſon to it, thinke a while,
For you are (I muſt weepe when I ſpeakē that)
Almoſt beſides your ſelfe.

Amin. Oh my ſoft temper,

The Maydes Tragedy.

So many sweet words from thy sisters mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her
To embrace, and pardon her, I am mad indeed,
And know not what I doe, yet haue a care
Of me in what thou doest.

(faue

Mel. Why thinks my friend I will forget his honor, or to
The brauery of our house, will lose his fame,
And feare to touch the threne of Maestie?

Amin. A curse will follow that, but rather liue
And suffer with me.

Mel. I will doe what worth shall bid me, and no more.

Amin. Faith I am sicke, and desperately I hope,
Yet leaning thus I feele a kind of ease.

Mel. Come take agen your mirth about you.

Amin. I shall never doo't.

Mel. I warrant you, looke vp, weeke walke together,
Put thine arme here, all shall be well agen.

Amin. Thy loue, O wretched, I thy loue *Melantius*, why
I hane nothing else.

Mel. Be merry then. *Exeunt.* Enter *Melantius* agen.

Mel. This worthy yong man may doe violence
Vpon himselfe, but I haue cherisht him
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me
To counterfeit againe, sword hold thine edge,
My heart will never faile me: *Diphilus*,

Thou comst as sent.

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Yonder has bin such laughing.

Mel. Betwixt whom?

Diph. Why our sister and the King,
I thought their spleenes would breake,
They laught vs all out of the roome.

Mel. They must weepe *Diphilus*.

Diph. Must they?

Mel. They must: thou art my brother, & if I did beleue
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.

Diph. You should not, I would first mangle my selfe
and

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and finde it.

Mel. That vvas spoke according to our straine, come,
Ioyne thy hands to mine,
And swear a firmenesse to vwhat proiect I
Shall lay before thee.

Diph. Yeu doc vverong vs both,
People hereafter shall not say there past
A bond more then our loues to tie our lues
And deaths together.

Mel. It is as nobly said as I vvould vvish,
Anon Ile tell you vonders, vve are vverong'd.

Diph. But I will tell you now, weele right our selues.

Mel. Stay not, prepare the armour in my house,
And what friends you can draw vnto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too,
Haste *Diphilus* the time requires it, haste. *Exit Diphilus.*
I hope my cause is iust, I know my blood
Tels me it is, and I will credit it :
To take reuenge and lose my selfe withall,
Were idle, and to scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which miserie
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax, but I must haue it, see *Enter Calanax.*
Where he comes shaking by me : good my Lord
Forget your spleene to me, I neuer wrong'd you,
But would haue peace with euery man.

Cal. Tis well ;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

Mel. Y'are touchie without all cause.

Cal. Doe, mocke me.

Mel. By mine honor I speake truth.

Cal. Honor ? whereist ?

Mel. See what starts you make into your hatred to my
loue and freedome to you.
I come with resolution to obtaine a fute
Of you.

Cal. A fute of me ? tis very like it should be granted sir.

Mel.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mel. Nay, goe not heace,
Tis this, you haue the keeping of the fort,
And I would wish you by the loue you ought
To beare vnto me, to deliuer it
Into my hands.

Cal. I am in hope thou art mad, to talke to me thus.

Mel. But there is a reason to moue you to it, I would
Kill the King, that wrong'd you and your daughter.

Cal. Out traitor.

Mel. Nay but stay, I cannot scape, the deed once done,
Without I haue this fort.

Cal. And should I helpe thee? now thy treacherous
mind betraies it selfe.

Mel. Come, delay me not,
Giue me a sudden answere, or already
Thy last is spoke, refuse not offered loue,
When it comes cladin secrets.

Cal. If i say, I w^{ll} not, he will kill me, I doe see't writ
In his lookes; and should I say I wi'l, heele run and tell the
King: I doe not shun your friendship deere Melantius,
But this cause is weighty, give me but an houre to think.

Mel. Take it, — I know this goes vnto the King,
But I am arm'd. Exit Melantius.

Cal. Methinks I feele my selfe
But twenty now agen, this fighting foole
Wants policie, I shall reuenge my girle,
And make her red againe, I pray, my legges
Will last that pace that I will carry them,
I shall want breath before I find the King.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Melantius, Eudne, and a Lady.

M^{el}ant. Sauue you.

Eud. Sauue you sweet brother.

G

Mel.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mel. In my blunt eie me thinks you looke *Euadne*.

Euad. Come, you would make me blush.

Mel. I would *Euadne*, I shall displease my ends else.

Euad. You shall if you command me, I am bashtull,

Come sir, how doe I looke ?

Mel. I would not haue your women heare me
Breake into commendation of you, tis not seemely.

Euad. Goe waite me in the gallery, — now speake.

Mel. Ile locke the dore first.

Exeunt Ladies.

Euad. Why ?

Mel. I wil not haue your gilded things that dance
In visitation with their millan skins
Choake vp my busynesse.

Euad. You are strangely dispos'd sir.

Mel. Good Madame, not to make you merry.

Euad. No, if you praise me, twill make me sad.

Mel. Such a sad commendations I haue for you.

Euad. Brother, the Court has made you wittie,
And learne to riddle.

Mel. I praise the Court for't, has it learned you nothing ?

Euad. Me ?

Mel. I *Euadne*, thou art young and hanosome,
A Lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuse but inflame a Kingdome.

Euad. Gentle brother.

Mel. Tis yet in thy remembrance foolish woman,
To make me gentle.

Euad. How is this ?

Mel. Tis base,
And I could blush at these yeeres, thorough all
My honord scars, to come to such a party.

Euad. I vnderstand you not.

Mel. You dare not foole,
They that commit thy faults flic the remembrance.

Euad. My faults sir, I would haue you know I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.

Mel

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mel. Thy body is too little for the storie,
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her,

Euad. This is saucie,
Looke you intrude no more, there lies your way.

Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread vpon thee,
Till I find truth out.

Euad. What truth is that you looke for?

Mel. Thy long lost honor: would the gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts, come tell me quickly,
Doe it without inforcement, and take heed
Youswell me not aboue my temper.

Euad. How sir? where got you this report?

Mel. Where there was people in every place.

Euad. They and the seconds of it are base people,
Belleue them not, they lied.

Mel. Doe not play with mine anger, doe not wretch,
I come to know that desperate foole that drew thee
From thy faire life, be wise and lay him open.

Euad. Vnhand me and learne manners, such another
Forgetfulnesse forfets your life.

Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me
Whose whore you are, for you are one, I know it,
Let all mine honors perish but Ile finde him,
Though he lie lockt vp in thy bloud, be sudden,
There is no facing it, and be not flattered,
The burnt aire when the *dog* raignes, is not fouler
Then thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sicknesse.

Euad. Be gone, you are my brother, that's your safety.

Mel. Ile be a Wolfe first, tis to be thy brother
An infamy be'ow the sinne of coward:
I am as far from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy vertue, seeke a kindred
Mongst sensuall beasts, and make a goat thy brother,
A goat is cooler; will you tell me yet?

The Maydes Tragedy.

Euad. If you stay here and raile thus, I shall tell you,
Ile ha you whipt, get you to your command,
And there preach to your Centinels,
And tel them what a braue man you are, I shal laugh at you.

Mel. Y'are growne a glorious whore, where be your
Fighters? what mortall foole durst raise thee to this daring,
And I aliue? by my iust sword, ha'd safer
Bestride a billow when the angry North
Plowes vp the sea, or made heauens fire his food;
Worke me no higher, will you discouer yet?

Euad. The fellowes mad, sleepe and speake sense.

Mel. Force my swolne heart no further; I would saue
thee, your great maintainers are not here, they dare not,
would they were all, and armed, I would speake loud, heres
one should thunder to' em: will you tell me? thou hast no
hope to scape, he that dares most, and damps away his soule
to doe thee seruice, will sooner fetch meat from a hungry
Lyon then come to rescue thee; thou hast death about thee:
has vndone thine honour, poyson'd thy vertue, and of a
louely rose, left thee a canker.

Euad. Let me consider.

Mel. Doe, whose childe thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murdered, whose graue open'd
And so pul'd on the gods, that in their iustice
They must restore him flesh agen and life,
And raise his dry bones to reuenge this scandall.

Euad. The gods are not of my minde, they had better
Let' em lie sweet still in the earth, they'l stinke here.

Mel. Doe you raise much out of my easinesse?
Forsake me then all weaknesses of nature,
That make men women, speake you whore, speake truth,
Or by the deare soule of thy sleeping father
This sword shall be thy louer, tell, or ile kill thee,
And when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserue it.

Euad. You will not murther me.

Mel. No, tis a iustice and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.

Euad.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Euad. Help.

Mel. By thy feoule selfe, no humane helpe shall help thee.

If thou criest, when I haue kild thee, as I haue
Vow'd to doe, if thou confesse not naked as thou hast left
Thine honor, will I leaue thee, ~~but~~ ~~when~~ ~~thee~~ ~~will~~ ~~thee~~
That on thy branded flesh the world may read:
Thy blacke shame and my iustice, wilt thou bend yct?

Euad. Yes.

Mel. Up and begin yopr storie.

Euad. Oh I am miserable.

Mel. Tis true thou art, speake truth still,

Euad. I haue offended noble Sir, forgiue me.

Mel. With what stcure slau?

Euad. Doe not aske me Sir,

Mine owne remembrance is a miserie

Too mightie for me.

Mel. Do not fall back agen, my sword's unsheathed yet.

Euad. What shal I doe?

Mel. Be true, and make your fault lesse.

Euad. I dare not tell.

Mel. Tell, or Ile be this day a killing thse.

Euad. Will you forgiue me then?

Mel. Stay, I must aske mine honor first, I haue too much
foolish nature in me, speake.

Euad. Is there none else here?

Mel. None but a fearefull conscience, that's too many.
Who ist?

Euad. Oh heare me gently, it was the King.

Mel. No more. My worthy fathers and my seruices
Are liberally rewarded: King I thanke thee,
For all my dangers and my wounds thou hast paid me
In my owne metall, these are souldiers thanks,
How long haue you liu'd thus.

Euad. Too long.

Mel. Too late you find it, can you be sorry?

Euad. Would I were halfe as blamelesse.

Mel. Euadne, thou wilt to thy trade againe.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Euad. First to my graue.

Mel. Would gods th'adst beene so blest :
Dost thou not hate this King now ? prethe hate him,
Could'st thou not curse him, I command thee curse him,
Curse till the gods heare and deliuer him
To thy iust wishes, yet I feare *Euadne* .
You had rather play your game out.

Euad. No, I feele
Too many sad confusions here to let in
Any loose flame hereafter. (anger)

Mel. Dost thou not feele amongst all those one brane
That breakes out nobly, and dire & sthine arme
To kill this base king ? (anger)

Euad. All the gods forbid it. (him.)

Mel. No all the gods require it, they are dishonored in

Euad. Tis too fearefuli.

Mel. Y're valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and haue your Madam's name
Discourse for groomes and pages, and hereafter
When his coole Maiest ie hath laid you by
To be at pension with some needie Sir
For meat and coyrser cloathes, thus far you knew no feare,
Come you shill kill him.

Euad. Good sir.

Mel. And twere to kisse him dead, thoud' a smootier
Be wise and kill him : Canst thou liue and know
What noble minds shall make thee see thy selfe,
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruine
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken ?
Thou shalt not liue thus, kneele and sweare to helpe me
When I shall call thee to it, or by all
Holy in heauen and earth thou shalt not liue
To breath a full houre longer, not a thought :
Co ne tis a righteous oath, giue me thy hand,
And both to heauen held vp, (weare by that wealth
This lastfull theefe stole from thee, when I say it,

To

The Maydes Tragedy.

To let his soule soule out,

Euad. Heare I weare it,

And all yow spirits of abused Ladies

Help me in this performance,

Mel. Enough, this must be knowne to none

But you and I *Euadne*, not to your Lord,

Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow

Dare step as farre into a worthy action,

As the most daring, I as farre as iustice.

Aske me not why. Farewell.

Exit Mel.

Euad. Would I could say so to my blacke disgrace,

O where haue I beeene all this time; how friended,

That I should lose my selfe thus desperately,

And none for pitty shew me how I wandred?

There is not in the compasse of the light

A more vnhappy creature, sure I am monstrous,

For I haue done those follies, those mad mischieves

Would dare a woman. O my loaden soule,

Be not so cruell to me, choake not vp

Enter Amintor.

The way to my repentance. O my Lord.

Amint. How now?

Euad. My much abused Lord.

Kneele.

Amin. This cannot be.

Euad. I doe not kneele to liue, I dare not hope it,

The wrongs I did are greater, looke vpon me

Though I appeare with all my faults.

Amun. Stand vp.

This is no new way to beget more sorrow,

Heauen knowes I haue too many, doe not mocke me,

Though I am tame and bred vp with my wrongs,

Which are my foster-brothers, I may leape

Like a hand-wolfe into my naturall wildnesse,

And doe an outrage, prethee doe not mocke me.

Euad. My whole life is so leprous it infects

All my repentance, I would buy your pardon

Though at the highest set, euen with my life,

That leight contrition, that's; no sacrifice.

For

The Maydes Tragedy.

For what I haue committed.

Amin. Sure I dazle.

There cannot be a faith in that foule woman
That knowes no God more mighty then her mischieves,
Thou doest still worse, still number on thy faults,
To presse my poore heart thus. Can I beleeue
Theres any seed of vertue in that woman
Left to shooe vp, that dares goe on in sinne
Knowne and so knowne as thine is? O *Euadne*,
Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrowes off,
And credit thy repentance, but I must not,
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamitie,
To that strange misbeleefe of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I feare
I shall fall like a tree, and find my graue,
Only remembryng that I grieue.

Euad. My Lord,

Give me your griefes, you are an innocent,
A soule as white as heauen, let not my sinnes
Perish your noble youth, I doe not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my teares,
As all say women can, or to make lesse
What my hot will hath done, which heauen and you
Knowes to be tougher then the hand of time
Can cut from mans remembrance, no I doe not,
I doe appeare the same, the same *Euadne*,
Drest in the shames I liu'd in, the same monster,
But these are names of honour to what I am,
I doe present my selfe the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despisde of men,
Lerna ere bred or *Nilus*, I am hell,
Till you my deare Lord shooe your light into me,
The beames of your forgiuenesse, I am soule-sickke,
And wither with the feare of one condemn'd
Till I haue got your pardon.

Amin. Rise *Euadne*.

Those

The Maydes Tragedy.

Those heauen'y powers that put this good into thee
Grant a continuance of it, I forgiue thee,
Make thy selfe worthy of it, and take heed,
Take heed *Euadne* this be serious,
Mocke not the powers aboue, that can, and dare
Giue thee a great example of their iustice
To all insuing eies, if thou plai'st
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Euad. I haue done nothing good to win beleefe,
My life hath beene so faithleſſe, all the Creatures
Made for heauens honor haue their ends and good ones,
All but the couſening *Crocodiles*, false women.
They reigne here like those plagues, those killing sores
Men pray againſt, and when they die, like tales
I'll told, and vnbeket'd they paſſe away,
And goe to dust forgotten: But my Lord
Those ſhort daies I ſhall number to my reſt,
(As many muſt not ſee me,) I ſhall though too late,
Though in my euening, yet perceiue a will
Since I can doe no good becauſe a wo:nan,
Reach conſtantly at ſomething that is neere it,
I will redeeme one minute of my age,
Or like another *Niobe* I'll weepe
Till I am water.

Amin. I am now diſſolued:

My frozen ſoule melts: may each ſin thou haſt,
Finde a new mercy: riſe, I am at peace:
Hadſt thou beene thus, thus excellently good,
Before that deuill King tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadſt made a ſtar, giue me thy hand,
From this time I will know thee, and as far
As honour giues me leaue, be thy *Amintor*,
When we meet next I will ſalute thee fairely,
And pray the gods to giue thee happy daies,
My Charity ſhall goe along with thee,
Though my embraces muſt be far from thee,
I ſhould ha' kild thee, but this ſweete repenſance

The Maydes Tragedy.

Lockes vp my vengeance, for vvhich, thus I kisse thee,
The last kisse vve must take, and would to heauen.
The holy Priest that gaue our hands together,
Had giuen vs equal vrtues goe Euadne,
The gods thus part our bodies haue a care
My honour falles no further, I am well then.

Euad. All the deare ioyes here, and aboue hereafter
Crowneth faire soule, thus I take leaue my Lord,
And neuer shall you see the foule *Euadne*
Till she haue tried all honoured meanes that may
Set her in rest, and wash her staines away. *Exeunt.*

Hoboyes play within.

Banquet. Enter King, Calianax.

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you that are his enemie.

Cal. I am sure he said it to me, and Ile iustifie it
What way he dares oppose but vwith my sword.

King. But did he breake vwithout all circumstance
To you his foe, that he vwould haue the fort
To kill me, and then scape?

Cal. If he denie it, Ile make him blush.

King. It sounds incrediblly.

Cal. I so does euery thing I say of late.

Kin. Not so *Calianax*.

Cal. Yes I should sit

Mute vvhilst a Rogue vwith strong armes cuts your throat.

King. Well I will trie him, and if this be true
Ile pawne my life Ile find it, ift be false,
An i that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter doate in your owne house,
Not in the Court.

Cal. Why? if it be a lie,
Mine eares are false, for Ile besworne I heard it:
Old men are good for nothing, you vvere best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning it, you vwould a trusted me
Once, but the time is altered.

King.

The Maydes Tragedy.

King. And vwill still vwhere I may doe vwith iustice to
the vworld, you haue no vvincesse.

Cal. Yes my selfe.

King. No more I meane there were that heard it.

Cal. How no more? would you haue more? why am not
I enough to hang a thou' and Rogues?

Kin. But so you may hang honest men too if you please.

Cal. I may, tis like I will doe so, there are a hundred will
sweare it for a need too, if I say it.

King. Such witnessses we need not.

Cal. And tis hard if my word cannot hang a boisterous

King. Enough, where's *Strato*? (knaue.

Stra. Sir.

Enter Strat.

King. Why wheres all the Company? call *Amintor* in
Euadne, wheres my brother, and *Melantins*?

Bid him come too, and *Diphilus*, call all Exit Strat.

That are without there; if he should desire

The combat of you, tis not in the power

Of all our lawes to hinder it, vnlesse

We meane to quit'em.

Cal. Why if you doe thinke
Tis fit an old man, and a Counseller,
To fight for what he saies, then you may grant it.

Enter *Amint.* *Euad.* *Mel.* *Diph.* *Lipſi.* *Cle.* *Stra.* *Diag.*

King. Come sirs, *Amintor* thou art yet a Bridegroome,
And I will vse thee so, thou shalt sit cowne,

Euadne sit, and you *Amintor* too,

This banquet is for you sir: who has brought

A merry tale about him, to raise laughter

Amongſt our wine? why *Strato* where art thou?

Thou wilt chop out with them vns: aſonably

When I desire 'em not.

Strat. Tis my ill lucke sir, so to ſpend them then.

King. Reach me a boule of wine: *Melantins* thou art ſad,

Amin. I ſhould be ſir the merriest here,

But I ha ne're a ſtory of mine owne

Worth telling at this time.

The Maydes Tragedy.

King. Give me the wine,
Melantius I am now considering
How easie twere for any man we trust
To posson one of vs in such a boule.

Mel. I thinke it were not hard Sir, for a knave.

Cal. Such as you are.

King. Ifaith twere easie, it becomes vs well
To get plaine dealing men about our selues,
Such as you all are here, *Amintor* to thee
An I to thy faire *Euadne*.

Mel. Haue you thought of this *Calianax*?

afide.

Cal. Yes manly haue I.

Mel. And whats your resolution?

Cal. Ye shall haue it soundly I warrant you.

King. Reach to *Amintor*, *Strato*.

Amin. Here my lous,
This wine will doe thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes vpon thy cheeke, and till thou doest
A fault twere pity.

King. Yet I wonder much
Of the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state,
He could not scape that did it.

Mel. Were he kno wne, vnpossible.

King. It would be knowne *Melantius*.

Mel. It ought to be, if he got then away
He must weare all our liues vpon his sword,
He need not flie the Island, he must leaue
No one aliue.

King. No, I should thinke no man
Could kill me and scape cleare, but that old man.

Cal. But I ? heauen blesse me, I, should I my Liege?

King. I doe not think thou wculdst, but yet thou mightst,
For thou hast in thy hands the meanes to scape,
By keeping of the Fort, he has *Melantius*,
And he has kept it well.

Mel. From Cobwebbs Sir,

Tis

The Maydes Tragedy.

Tis cleane swept, I can find no other Art
In keeping of it now, twas nere besieg'd
Since he commanded.

Cal. I shall be sure of your good word,
But I haue kept it safe from such as you.

Mel. Keepe your ill temper in,
I speake no malice, had my brother kept it
I shoul'd ha sed as much.

King. You are not merry, brother drinke wine,
Sit you all still, *Calianax* af:de.

I cannot trust thus, I haue throwne out words
That would haue f. rcht warme blood vpon the cheekes
Of guilty men, and he is never mou'd,
He knowes no such thing.

Cal. Impudence may scape, when feeble vertue is accus'd.

King. A must if he were guilty feele an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him,
You see he does not.

Cal. Let him hang himselfe,
What care I what he does, this he did say.

King. Melantius, You can easily conceiue
What I haue meant, for men that are in fault
Can subtelly apprehend when others aime
At what they doe amisse, but I forgiue
Freely before this man, heauen doe so too ;
I wil not touch thee so much as with shame
Of telling it, let it be so no more.

Cal. Why this is very fine.

Mel. I cannot tell
What tis you meane, but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into ignorant fault,
But let me know it, happily tis nought
But misconstruēion, and where I am cleare
I will not take forgiuēnesse of the gods,
Much lessē of you.

King. Nay if you stand so stiffe, I shal call back my mercy.

Mel. I want smoothes

The Maydes Tragedy.

To thanke a man for pardoning of a crime
I neuer knew.

Kin. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you
my eares are every where, you meant to kill me, and get the
fort to scape.

Mel. Pardon me Sir, my bluntnesse will be pardoned,
You preserue
A race of idle people here about you,
Eaters, and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those that doe things worthy, the man that vttered this
Had perish'd without food, bee't who it will,
But for this arme that senst him from the Foe.
And if I thought you gaue a faith to this,
The plainnesse of my nature would speake more,
Giue me a pardon (for you ought to doo't)
To kill him that spake this.

Cal. I that will be the end of all,
Then I am fairely paide for all my care and struice.

Mel. That old man, who cals me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will neuer match my hate so low,)
Haue no good thought, would yet I thinke excuse me,
And sweare he thought me wrong'd in this.

Cal. Who I, thou shamelesse Fellow, didst thou not speake
to me of it thy selfe?

Mel. O then it came from him.

Cal. From me, who shoul'd it come from but from me?

Mel. Nay I beleue your malice is enough,
But I ha lost my anger, Sir I hope
You are well satisfied.

King. Lisiſp: cheare Amintor & his Lady, theres no sound
Comes from you, I will come and doo't my selfe.

Amintor. You haue done already Sir for me I thanke you.

Kin. Melantius I doe credit this from him,
How sleight so cre you mak't.

Cal. Tis strange you should.

Mel. Tis strange a shoul'd beleue an old mans word,
That neuer lied in his life.

Mel.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mel. I talke not to thee,
Shall the wilde words of this distempered man,
Franticke wit, age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your Maestic and me? twas wrong
To hearken to him, but to credit him
As much, at least, as I haue power to beare.
But pardon me, whilst I speake onely truth,
I may commend my selfe — I haue bestowd
My carelesse blood with you, and should be loth
To thinke an action that would make me lose
That, and my thankes too: when I was a boy
I thrust my selfe into my Countries cause,
And did a deed, that pluckt fve yeares from time,
And stil'd me man then, and for you my King
Your Subiects all haue fed by vertue of my arme,
This sword of mine hath plowd the ground,
And reapt the fruit in peace;
And you your selfe haue liu'd at home in easse:
So terrible I grew that without swords
My name hath fetcht you conquest, and my heart
And limmes are still the same, my will as great
To doe you seruice: let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.

King. Melantius, I held it great iniustice to beleue
Thine enemie, and did not, if I did,
I doe not, let that satisfie: what strucke
With sadness all? more wine.

Cal. A few fine words haue ouerthowne my truth,
A th'art a Villaine.

Mel. Why thou wert better let me haue the fort,
Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for euer, aside.
There shall no credit lie vpon thy words,
Thinke better and deliver it.

Cal. My Leige, hees at me now agen to doe it, speakes,
Denie it if thou canst, examine him
Whilst he is hot, for if he coole agen,
He will forswearc it.

King.

The Maydes Tragedy.

King. This is lunacie I hope, *Melanctius.*

Mel. He hath lost himselfe
Much since his daughter mist the happinesse
My sister gaide, and though he call me Foe,
I pittie him.

Cal. Pittie a pox vpon you,

Kin. Marke his disordered words, and at the Maske

Mel. Diagoras knowes he rag'd, and raild at me,
And cald a Ladie Whore so innocent
She vnderstood him not but it becomes
Both you and me too, to forgiue distraction,
Pardon him as I doe.

Cal. Ile not speake for thee, for all thy cunning, if you
will be safe chop off his head, for there was never knowne
so impudent a Rascall.

King. Some that loue him get him to bed : why , pittie
should not let age make it selfe contemptible, we must bee
all old, haue him away.

Mel. *Calianax* the King beleeves you, come, you shall go
Home, and rest, you ha done well, youle give it vp
When I haue vs'd you thus a month I hope.

Cal. Now, now, tis plaine Sir, he does moue me still,
He saies he knowes Ile give him vp the fort
When he has vs'd me thus a month : I am mad
Am I not still ?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Cal. I shall be mad indeed if you doe thus,
Why should you trust a sturdie fellow there,
(That has no vertue in him, als in his sword)
Before me ? doe but take his weapons from him
And hee is an Asse, and I am a very foole
Both with him, and without him, as you vs me.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

King. Tis well, *Calianax* but if you vs
This once agen I shall intreat some other
To see your offices be well discharg'd.
Be merry Gentlemen, it growes somewhat late,

The Maydes Tragedy.

*Amin*tor thou wouldest be a bed agen.

Amin. Yes Sir.

Kin. And you *Exadne*, let me take thee in my armes, *Melantius*, & belceue thou art as thou deseruest to be, my friend Still, and for euer. Good *Calianax*

Sleepe soundly, it will bring thee to thy selfe.

Exeunt omnes. Manent Mel. & Cal.

Cal. Sleepe soundly ! I sleepe soundly now I hope, I could not be thus else. How darst thou stay Alone with me, knowing how thou hast vsed me ?

Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue, And that's the strongest part you haue about you.

Cal. I doe looke for some great punishment for this, For I begin to forget all my hate, And tak't vnkindly that mine enemie Should vs me so extraordinarily scurily.

Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take Vnkindneses ; I never meant you hurt.

Cal. Thoult anger me agen ; thou wretched roague, Meant me no hurt ! disgrace me with the King, Lose all my offices, this is no hurt Is it ? I prethee what dost thou call hurt ;

Mel. To poysone men because they loue me not, To call the credit of mens wifes in question, To murder children, betwixt me and Land ; This is all hurt.

Cal. All this thou thinkst is sport, For mine is worse, but vs thy will with me, For betwixt grieve and anger I could crie.

Mel. Be wise then and be safe, thou maist reuenge.

Cal. I oth' the King, I would reuenge of thee.

Mel. That you malt plot your selfe.

Cal. I am a fine plotter.

Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the King In this perplexity, till pecuynesse And thy disgrace haue laid thee in thy graue But if thou wilt deliuer vp the fort,

The Maydes Tragedy.

Ile take thy trembling body in my armes,
And beare thee ouer dangers, thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.

Cal. If I should tell the king canst thou deni't a g'en?

Mel. Trie and beleue.

Cal. Nay then thou canst bring any thing about,
Thou shalt haue the Fort.

Mel. Why well, here let our hate be buried, and
This hand shall right vs both, giue me thy aged brest
to compasse.

Cal. Nay I doe not loue thee yet,
I cannot well endure to looke on thee,
And if I thought it were a curtesie,
Thou shouldest not haue it, but I am disgrac't,
My offices are to be tane away,
And if I did but hold this fort a day,
I doe beleue the King would take it from me,
And giue it thee, things are so strangely carried :
Nere thanke me for't, but yet the King shall know
There was some such thing i'c I told him of,
And that I was an honest man.

Mel. Heele buy that knowledge very deereley : *Diph.*
What newes with thee? *Enter Diphilus.*

Diph. This were a night in leed to doe it in,
The king hath sent for her.

Mel. Shee shall performe it then, goe *Diphilus*
And take from this good man my worthy friend
The Fort, heele giue it thee.

Diph. Ha you got that?

Cal. Art thou of the same breed? canst thou denie
This to the king too?

Diph. With a confidence as great as his.

Cal. Faith like enough.

Mel. Away and vse him kindly.

Cal. Touch not me, I hate the whole straine, if thou fol-
low me a great way off, I le giue thee vp the Fort, and hang
your selues.

Mel.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mel. Be gone.

Diph. Hees finely wrought.

Exeunt Cat. Diph.

Mel. This is a night spight of Astronomers
To doe the deed in, I will wash the staine
That rests vpon our house, oft with his bloud.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. *Melantius* now alsit me if thou beest
That which thou saist, assist me, I haue lost
All my distempers, and haue found a rage
So pleasing, helpe me.

Mel. Who can see him thus,
And not swaere vengeance? what's the matter friend?
Amin. Out with thy sword, and hand in hand with me
Rush to the chamber of this hated King,
And sink him with the weight of all his sinnes
To hell for euer.

Mel. Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safetie, let your reason
Plot your reuenge, and not your passion.

Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend: he sent for her to me,
By heauen to me, my selfe, and I must tell ye
I loue her as a stranger, there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things *Melantius*,
And she repents, Ile doo't my selfe alone,
Though I be slaine, farewell.

Mel. Hee le ouerthrow my whole designe with madnes,
Aminior thinke what thou doest, I dare as much as valour,
But tis the King, the King, the King, *Amintor*,
With whom thou fightest. I know hees honest, afids.
And this will worke with him.

Amin. I cannot tell
What thou hast said, but thou hast chaim'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here
Defenceless.

Mel. I will take it vp for thee.

Amin. What a wild beast is vncollected man?

The Maydes Tragedy.

The thing that vve call honor bears vs all
Headlong vnto sinne, and yet it selfe is nothing.

Mel. Alas how variable are thy thoughts ?

Amin. lust iike my fortunes, I vvas run to that
I purpos'd to haue chid thee for.

Some plot I did distrust thou hadst against the king
By that old fellowes carriage, but take heede,
Theres not the least limbe growing to a king
But carries thunder in't.

Mel. I haue none against him.

Amin. Why ? come then, and still remember wee may
not thinke reuenge.

Mel. I will remember.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Euadne and a Gentleman.

EYAD. Sir is the King abed ?

Gent. Madame an hourc agoe.

Euad. Give me the key then, and let none be neere,
Tis the kings pleasure.

Gent. I vnderstand you Madame, vwould twere mine,
I must not vvisch good rest vnto your Ladiship.

Euad. You talke, you talke.

Gent. Tis all I dare doe Madame, but the King will
Wake and then.

Euad. SAVING your imagination, pray, good night Sir.

Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one Madam,
I am gone.

Euad. The night growes horrible, and all about me
Like my blacke purpose, O the conscience *King a bed.*
Of a lost virgin, whither wilt thou pull me ?
To what things dismal, as the depth of hell,

Wile

The Maydes Tragedy.

Wilt thou prouoke me? Let no woman dare
From this houre be disloyall, if her heart
Be flesh, if she haue blood and can feare, tis a daring
Aboue that desperate foo'les that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight, tis so many sins,
An age cannot preuent'm, and so great,
The gods want mercie for, yet I must through'm,
I haue begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there; a sleepes, good heauens,
Why give you peace to this vntemperate beast,
That hath so long transgrest you? I must kill him,
And I will doo't brauely: the meere ioy
Tels me I merit in it, yet I must not
Thus tamely doe it as he sleepes, that were
To rock him to another world, my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments.
Ile shake his sins like furies till I waken
His euill Angel, his sicke conscience,
And then ile strick him dead: King by your leauue, *Ties his*
I dare not trust your strength, your Grace and I *armes to*
Must grapple vpon euen tearmes no more *the bed.*
So, if he raile me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough.

My Lord the King, my Lord, a sleepes
As if he meant to wake no more, my Lord,
Is he not dead already? Sir, my Lord.

King. Whose that?

Euad. O you sleepes soundly Sir.

King. My deare *Euadne*

I haue beeene dreaming of thee, come to bed.

Euad. I am come at length Sir, but how welcome?

King. What prettie new deuice is this *Euadne*?
What doe you tie me to you, by my loue,
This is a queint one: come my deare and kisse me,
Ile be thy Mars, to bed my Queene of loue,
Let vs be caught together, that the gods may see,

The Maydes Tragedy.

And enuie our embraces.

Euad. Stay sir, stay,
You are too hot, and I haue brought you Physick,
To temper your high veines.

King. Prethee to bed then, let me take it warme,
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.

Euad. I know you haue a surfeited foule body,
And you must bleed.

King. Bleed!

Euad. I you shall bleed; lie still, and if the deuill,
Your lust will give you leave, repente, this steele
Comes to redeeme the honour that you stole
King, my faire name, which nothing but thy death
Can answere to the world.

King. How's this *Euadne*?

Euad. I am not she, nor beare I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be cald a woman,
I am a Tiger, I am any thing
That knowes not pittie, stirre not, if thou doest,
Ile take thee vnprepard, thy feares vpon thee,
That make thy sins looke double, and so send thee
(By my reuerge I will) to looke those torments
Prepar'd for such blacke soules.

King. Thou doest not meant this, tis impossible,
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Euad. No I am not,
I am as foule as thou art, and can number
As many such hels here: I was once faire,
Once I was louely not a blowing ro'e
More chastly sweet, till thou, thou, thou foule canker,
(Stirre not) didst poison me, I was a world of vertue,
Till your curst Court and you (h'll blesse you for't)
With your temptations on temptations
Made me give vp mine honour, for which (King)
I am come to kill thee.

King. No.

Euad. I am.

King.

The Maydes Tragedy.

King. Thou art not.

I prethee speake not these things, thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.

Euad. Peace and heare me.

Stirre nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy,
To those above vs, by whose lights I vow,
Those blessed fires, that shot to see our sinne,
If thy hot soule had substance with thy bloud,
I would kill that too, which being past my steele,
My tongue shall reach: Thou art a shamelesse villaine,
A thing out of the ouercharge of nature,
Sent like a thicke cloud to disperse a plague
Vpon weake catching women, such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subiects,
I all his heauen hereafter.

King. Heare *Euadne*,
Thou soule of sweetnesse, heare, I am thy king.

Euad. Thou art my shane, lie still, theres none about you
Within your cries, all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreames, thus, thus thou foule man,
Thus I begin my vengeance. *Stabs him.*

King. Hold *Euadne*,
I doe command thee, hold.

Euad. I doe not meane Sir
To part so fairely with you, we must change
More of these loue trickes yet.

King. What bloudy villaine
Prouokt thee to this murther?

Euad. Thou, thou monster.

King. Oh.

Euad. Thou keptst me brave at Court, and whorde me,
Then married me to a young noble Gentleman, (King.
And whorde me still.

King. *Euadne*, pittie me.

Euad. Hell take me then, this for my Lord *Aminter*,
This for my noble brother, and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women. *Kills him.*

King.

The Maydes Tragedy.

King. Oh I die.

End. Die all our faults together, I forgiue thee. *Exeant.*
Enter two of the Bed-chamber.

1. Come now shees gone, lets enter, the King expects it, and will be angry.

2. Tis a fine wench, weele haue a snap at her one of these nights as she goes from him.

1. Content: how quickly hee had done with her, I see kings can do no more that way then other mortall people.

2. How fast he is! I cannot heare him breathe.

1. Either the tapers give a feeble light, or hee lookest very pale.

2. And so he does, pray heauen he be well.

Lets looke: Alas, hees stiffe, wounded and dead.
Treason, Treason.

1. Run forth and call.

Exit Gent.

2. Treason, Treason.

1. This will be laid on vs: who can beleue
A woman could doe this?

Enter Cleon and Lisippus.

Cleon. How now? vvhерes the traitor?

1. Fled, fled away, but there her wofull aſt
Lies still.

Cle. Her aſt! a woman!

Laf. Wheres the body?

1. There.

Lif. Farewell thou vvorthy man, there vvere two bonds
That tied our loues, a brother and a king,
The least of vvhich might fetch a floud of teares:
But such the misery of greatnessse is,
They haue no time to mourne, then pardon me.

Sirs, vvhich vvay vvent she?

Enter Strato.

Stra. Neuer follow her,

For she alas vvas but the instrument.

Newes is now brought in that Melantius

The Maydes Tragedy.

Has got the Fort and stands vpon the wall,
And with a loud voice calls thos: few that passe
At this dead time of night, deliuering
The innocence of this a&t.

Lis. Gentlemen, I am your king.

Strat. We doe acknowledge it.

Lis. I would I were not : follow all, for this must have a
sudden stop.

Excuse.

Enter Melant. Diph. Cal. on the walls.

Mel. If the dull people can beleue I am arm'd.
Be conitant Diphilus now we haue time,
Either to bring our banisht honors home,
Or create new ones in our ends.

Diph. I feare not,
My spirit lies not that way. Courage Calianax.

Cal. Would I had any, you should quicly know it.

Mel. Speake to the people, thou art eloquent.
Cal. Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallowes,
You were borne to be my end, he deuill take you,
Now must I hang for company, tis strange
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter Lisip. Dicq. Cleon. Strat. Guard.

Lisip. See wh re he stands as boldly confident,
As if he had his full command about him.

Strat. He lookes as if he had the better cause, Sir.
Under your gracious pardon let me speake it,
Though he be mighty spirited and forward
To all great things, to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certainly
I do beleue him noble, and this action
Rather pu'd on then sought, his mind was euer
As worthy as his hand.

Lis. Tis my feare too,
Heauen forgiue all : summon him Lord Cleon.

Cleon. Ho from the wals there.

Mel. Worthy Cleon welcome,
We could a wilst you here Lord, you are honest.

K

Cal.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Cal. Well thou art as flattering a knaue, though I dare
not tell thee so.

Lif *Melanctius.*

Mel. Sir.

Lif. I am sorry that we meet thus, our old loue
Neuer requir'd such distance, pray heaven
You haue not left your selfe, and sought this safetie
More out of feare then honor, you haue lost
A noble master, which your faith, *Melanctius*,
Some thinke might haue preseru'd, yett you know best.

Cal. When time was I was mad, some that dares
Fight I hope will pay this rascall.

Mel. Royall young man, whose teares looke louely on
Had they beeene shed for a deseruing one,
They had beeene lasting monuments. Thy brother,
Whilst he was good, I calld him King, and seru'd him,
With that strong fauour, that most vnwearied valour,
Pu'd people from the farthest sunne to seeke him,
And buy his friendship, I was then his souldier,
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust,
(That never-cut'd dishonor of my sister,
Base staine of whore, and which is worse,
The ioy to make it still so) like my selfe,
Thus I haue flung him off with my allegeance,
And stand here mine owne iustice to reuenge
What I haue suffred in him, and this old man
Wrongd almost to lunacie.

Cal. Who I? you wad draw me in: I haue had no wrong
I doe disclaime ye all.

Mel. The short is this;
Tis no ambition to lift vp my selfe
Urgeth me thus, I doe desire againe
To be a subiect, so I may be free;
If not, I know my strength, and will vnbuid
This godly towne, be speedy, and be wise, in a reply.

Star. Be sudjen Sir to tie

The Maydes Tragedy.

All vp againe, what's done is past recall,
And palt you to reuenge, and there are thousands
That waite for such a troubled houre as this,
Throw him the blanke.

Laf. Molantius, write in that thy choice,
My seale is at it.

Mel. It was our honours drew vs to this act,
No gaine, and we will only worke our pardons.

Cal. Put my name in too.

Diph. You disclaim'd vs all but now Calianax.

Cal. Thats all one,
Ile not be hangd hereafter by a tricke,
Ile haue it in.

Mel. You shall, you shall :
Come to the backe gate, and weelee call you King,
And giue you vp the Fort.

Laf. Away, away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Aspatia in mans apparell.

Aspat. This is my fatall houre, heauen may forgiue
My rash attempt, that causelesly hath laid
Gifes on me that will never let me rest,
And put a womans heart into my breast,
It is more honor for you that I die,
For she that can endure the misery
That I haue on me, and be patient too,
May liue and laugh at all that you can doe.
God sauе you sir.

Enter Servant.

Ser. And you sir, what's your busynesse ?

Aspat. With you sir now, to doe me the faire office
To helpe me to your Lord.

Ser. What would you serue him ?

Aspat. Ile doe him any seruice, but to haste,
For my affaires are earnest, I desire
To speake with him.

Ser. Sir because you are in such haste, I would bee loth
delay you longer : you cannot.

Aspat. It shall become you though to tell your Lord.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Ser. Sir he will speake with no body.

Afp. This is most strange : art thou gold proofer & theres
for thee, helpe me to him.

Ser. Pray be not angry Sir, Ile doe my best. Exit.

Afp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me ;

There is a vild dishoneste tricke in man,
More then in women : all the men I meet
Appeare thus to me, are harsh and rude,
And haue a subiectie in every thing,
Which loue could never know ; but we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And thinke all shall goe so, it is vnjust
That men and women should be matche together.

Enter Amintor and his man.

Amin. Wher'e is he ?

Ser. There my Lord.

Amin. What would you Sir ?

Afp. Pleate it your Lordship to command your man
Out of the roome, I shall deliuer things
Worthy your hearing.

Amin. Leauue vs.

Afp. O that that shape should bury falsehood in it. *aside.*

Amin. Now your will Sir.

Afp. When you know me, my Lord, you needs must
My busynesse, and I am not hard to know, (guesse)
For till the chance of warre markt this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sisters picture, and her mine : in short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.

Amin. The wrong'd Aspatia, would thou wert so too.
Vnto the wrong'd Amintor, let me kisse
That hand of thine in honour that I beare.
Veto the wrong'd Aspatia, here I stand
That did it, would he could not, gentle youth
Leave me, for there is something in thy lookes
That calls my sinnes in a most hidcous forme
Into my mind, and I haue grieve enough

Without

The Maydes Tragedy.

Without thy helpe.

Aspas. I would I could with credit.
Since I was twelve yeeres old I had not seens
My sister till this houre, I now arriu'd,
She sent for me to see her mariage,
A wofull one, but they that are aboue
Haue ends in every thing, she vs'd few words,
But yet enough to make me vnderstand
The basenesse of the iniuries you did her,
That little trayning I have had, is war,
I may behau'e my selfe rudely in place,
I would not though, I shall not need to tell you
I am but young and would be loth to lose
Honour that is not easily gain'd againe,
Fairely I meane to deale, the age is strict,
For single combats, and we shall be stopt
If it be publisht, if you like your sword
Vse it, if mine appeare a better to you,
Change, for the ground is this, and this the time
To end our difference.

Amint. Charitable youth,
If thou beest such, thinke not I will maintaine
So strange a wrong and for thy sisters sake,
Know, that I could not thinke that desperate thing
I durst not doe, yet to inioy this world
I would not see her, for beholding thee,
I am I know not what, if I haue ought
That may content thee, take it, and be gone,
For death is not so terrible as thou,
Thine eies shoot guilt into me.

Aspas. Thus she swore
Thou wouldest behau'e thy selfe, and giue me words
That would fetch teares into my eies, and so
Thou dost indeed, but yet she bad me watch,
Lest I were cossen'd, and be sure to fight
Ere I return'd.

Amint. That must not be with me,

The Maydes Tragedy.

For her Ile die directly, but against her
Will neuer hazard it.

Asp. You must be vrg'd, I doe not deale vnciuilly with
Those that dare to fight, but such a one as you
Must be vs'd thus.

Shee strikes him

Amint. I prethee youth take heed,
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Aboue mine honor, that I can indure
All this good gods — a blow I can indure,
But stay not, lest thou draw a timelesse death
Vpon thy selfe.

Aspat. Thou art some prating fellow,
One that has studied out a tricke to talke
And moue soft hearted people; to be kickt *She kickes him.*
Thus to be kickt — why should he be so slow *afside.*
In giuing me my death?

Amint. A man can beare
No more and keepe his flesh, forgive me then,
I would indure yet if I could, now shew
The spirit thou pretendest, and vnderstand
Thou hast no houre to live: *They fight.*
What doft thou meane? thou canst not fight:
The blowes thou makst at me are quite besides,
And those I offer at thee, thou spreadst thine armes
And takst vpon thy brest, alas d: fencelesse.

Aspat. I haue got enough,
And my desire, there is no place so fit
For me to die as here.

Enter Euadne.

Euad. Amintor I am loaden with euents
That flie to make the happy, I haue joyes *Her hands*
That in a moment can call backe thy wrongs *bloody with*
And settle thee in thy free state againe,
It is *Euadne* still that followes thee,
But not her mischiefes *a knife.*

Amint. Thou canst not foole me to beleue a gen,
But thou hast looks and things so full of newes
That I am staid.

Euad.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Euad. Noble Amintor put off thy am'ze,
Let thine eies loose, and speake, am I not faire ?
Lookes not Euadne beautious with these rites now ?
Were those houres halfe so louely in thine eies,
When our hands met before the holy man ?
I was too foule within, to looke faire then,
Since I knew ill I was not free till now.

Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which it seemes thy tongue hath lost :
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.

Euad. In this consisteth thy happiness, and mine ;
Joy to Amintor, for the King is dead.

Amin. Those haue most power to hurt vs that we loue,
We lay our sleeping liues within their armes.
Why ? thou hast rais'd vp mischiefe to his height,
And found one, to out-name thy other faults ;
Thou hast no intermission of thy sinnes,
But all thy life is a continued ill.
Blacke is thy colour now, disfeale thy nature,
Joy to Amintor ? thou hast toucht a life,
The very name of which had power to chaine
Vp all my rage, and calme my wildest wrongs.

Euad. Tis done, and since I could not find a way
To meet thy loue so cleere, as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speake to me,
To bid me loue this woman, and forgiue,
I thinke I should fall out with them, behold
Here lies a youth whose woun's bleed in my brest,
Sent by his violent Fate to fetch his death
From my slow hand : and to augment my woe
You now are present, stain'd with a Kings bloud
Violently shed : this keepes night here,
And throwes an unknowne Wildernes about me.

Asp. Oh oooh.

Amin. No more, pursue me not.

Euad. Forgiue me then and take me to thy bed.

We.

The Maydes Tragedy.

We may not part.

Amin. Forbeare, be wise, and let my rage goe this way.

Euad. Tis you that I would stay, not it.

Amin. Take heed, it will returne with me.

Euad. If it must be I shall not feare to meete it,
Take me hon e.

Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbeare.

Euad. For heauens sake looke more calme,
Thine eies are sharper then th u canst make thy sword.

Amin. Away, away, thy knees are more to me then
vi lence,
I am worse then sicke to see knees follow me,
For that I must no grant, for heauens sake stand.

Euad. Receive me then.

Amin. I dare not stay thy language,
In n i st of all my anger, and my grieve,
Thou doest a wake someting that troubles me,
And saies I lou'd thee once, I dare not stay,
There is n end of womans reasoning. leaves her.

Euad. Am i or thou shalt loue me now againe,
Go I am calme, farewell, And peace for ever.

Euadne whom thou hit it will die for thee. Kills her selfe.

Amin. I haue a little humane nature yet
Thats left for thee that bi ts me stay thy hand. Returns.

Euad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late,
Oh I am lost, the heauy sleepe makes hattie. She dies.

Aspa. Oh, oh oh.

Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feele
A starke affrighted motion in my bloud,
My soule growes weary of her house, and I
All o ater am a trouble to my selfe,
There is some hidden power in th se dead things
That calls my flesh into 'em, I am cold,
Be resolute, and beare em company,
Theres something yet which I am ioth to leaue,
Theres man eough in me to meet the flares
That death can bring, and yet would it were done,

The Maydes Tragedy.

I can finde nothing in the whole discourse
Of death I durst not meet the bouldest way,
Yet still betwixt the reason and the act
The wrong I to *Aspatia* did, stands vp,
I haue not such another fault to answere,
Though she may justly arme her selfe with scorne
And hate of me, my soule will part lesse troubled,
When I haue paid to her in teares my sorrow,
I will not leaue this act vnsatisfied,
If all that's left in me can answer it.

Aspa. Was it a dreame? there stands *Amin* or still,
Or I dreame still.

Amin. How doest thou? speake, receive my loue & helpe:
Thy bloud climbes vp to his old place againe,
Theres hope of thy recovery.

Aspa. Did you not name *Aspatia*.

Amin. I did.

Aspa. And talkt of teares and sorrow vnto her.

Amin. Tis true, and till these happy signes in thee
Did stay my course, t'was thither I was going.

Aspa. Th'art there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats I brought wth me, sought not reuenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.

I am *Aspatia* yet.

Amin. Dare my soule ever looke abroad agen?

Aspa. I shall surely live *Amin* or, I am well,
A kinde of healthfull ioy wanders within me.

Amin. The world wants lines to excuse thy losse,
Come let me beare thee to some place of helpe.

Aspa. *Amin* or thou must stay, I must rest here,
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou my best soule? I would faine lieue,
Now if I could, wouldst thou haue loued me then?

Amin. Alas, all that I am is not worth a haire
From thee.

Aspa. Giue me thine hand, mine hands grope vp & down,

The Maydes Tragedy.

And cannot finde thee, I am wondrous sicked.
Hauē I thy hand *Amintor*?

Ami. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.

Aspa. I doe beleue thee better then my selfe.
Oh I must goe farewell! (water,

Ami. She sounds: *Aspatia.* Helpe, for heauens sake
Such as may chaine life euer to this frame.
Aspatia speake: What no helpe? yet I foole,
Ile chafe her temples, yet there nothing stirs.
Some hidden power tell her *Amintor* calls,
And let her answere me: *Aspatia* speake.
I haue heard, if there be any life, but bōw
The body thus, and it will shew it selfe.
Oh she is gone, I will not leauē her yet.
Since out of iustice we must challenge nothing,
Ile call it mercy if youle pity me,
You heauenly powers, and lend for some few yeedes
The blessed soule to this faire seat againe.
No comfort comes, the gods denie me too.
Ile bōw the body once againe: *Aspatia*.
The soule is fled for euer, and I wrong
My selfe, so long to loose her company. old I was in slōpe
Must I talke now? Heres to be with theeloue. *Kils himselfe.*

Enter *Seruant.*

Ser. This is a great grace to my Lord, to haue the new
King come to him, I must tell him he is entring. Oh heauen,
helpe, helpe.

Enter *Lisp. Melant. Cal. Cleon. Diph. Strato.*

Lis. Wheres *Amintor*?

Stra. O there, there.

Lis. How strange is this?

Cal. What should we doe here?

Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolues not. *May I stand*
Stiff: here for euer: eies call vp your teares,
This is *Amintor*: heart, he was my friend,

Melt,

The Maydes Tragedy.

Melt, no n it flowes, *Amintor* giue a word
To call me to thee.

Amint. Oh.

Mel. *Melantius* cals his friend *Amintor*, oh thy armes
Are kinder to me then thy tongue,
Speake, speake.

Amint. What?

Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That euer I shall heare againe.

Diph. Oh brother here lies your sister slaine,
You lose your selfe in sorrow there.

Mel. Why *Diphilus*, It is
A thing to laugh at in respect of this
Here was my Sister, Father, Brother, Sonne,
All that I had, speake once againe,
What youth lies slaine there by thee?

Amint. Tis *Aspatia*,
My senses fade, let me giue vp my soule
Into thy bosome.

Cal. Whats that? whats that *Aspatia*?

Mel. I never did repent the greatness of my heart till
It will not burst at need. (now.)

Cal. My daughter, dead heere too, and you haue all fine
new trickes to grieue, but I nece knew any but direct
crying.

Mel. I am a prater, but no more.

Diph. Hold brother.

Lisp. Stop him.

Diph. Fie how vnmanly was this offer in you,
Does this become our straine?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am
Grown very kinde, and am friends with you.
You haue giuen me that among you will kill me
Quickly, but Ile goe home and live as long as I can.

Mel. His spirit is but poore, that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Is not my hands a weapon sharpe enough
To stop my breath ; or if you tie downe those,
I vow ~~Amintor~~ I will never eat,
Or drinke, or sleepe, or haue to doe with that
That may pelerue life, this I sweare to keepe.

Lisip. Looke to him tho, and beare those bodies ia.
May this a faire example be to me,
To rule with temper, for on lustfull Kings
Vnlookt for suddaine deaths from heaven are sent,
But curst is he that is their instrument.

FIN IS.





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